The Relief Society Magazine

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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1950

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RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

New Year Greetings ..... General Presidency of Relief Society 3
Relief Society Women as Mothers in Zion ..... President George Albert Smith 4
Award Winners—Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest 8
Desert Pioneer—First Prize Poem ..... Evelyn H. Hughes 9
My Recompense—Second Prize Poem ..... Caroline Eyring Miner 11
The Broken Day—Third Prize Poem ..... Margery S. Stewart 13
Award Winners—Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest 15
Grass in the Market Place—First Prize Story ..... Dorothy Clapp Robinson 16
A Letter From Mother ..... Clara Horne Park 35
Support the March of Dimes ..... Basil O'Connor 40

FICTION

Dark in the Chrysalis—Chapter 1 ..... Alice Morrey Bailey 23
You Can Learn—Part III ..... Katherine Kelly 27

GENERAL FEATURES

Sixty Years Ago 30
Woman's Sphere ..... Ramona W. Cannon 31
Editorial: Open the Book of the Year ..... Vesta P. Crawford 32
Notes to the Field: Relief Society Assigned Evening Meeting of Fast Sunday in March 33
Bound Volumes of 1949 **Relief Society Magazine** 33
Temporary Binders Available 33
Award Subscriptions Presented in April 33
Suggestive List of Songs for Singing Mothers ..... Florence J. Madsen 34
Suggestions for a Work Meeting Luncheon ..... Christine Eaton 36
Notes From the Field: Relief Society Singing Mothers, Bazaars, and Other Activities ..... General Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering 41
From Near and Far 72

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology: "The Close of Our Lord's Public Ministry" ..... Don B. Colton 48
Visiting Teacher Messages: "Nevertheless Not My Will, but Thine Be Done" ..... Mary Grant Judd 53
Work Meeting: Coats and Snowsuits ..... Jean Ridges Jennings 54
Literature: Some Seventeenth Century Poets ..... Briant S. Jacobs 55
Social Science: The Conditions for Achieving the Kingdom of God 59
Optional Lessons in Lieu of Social Science: President George Albert Smith ....T. Edgar Lyon 65

POETRY

The Singing Snow—Frontispiece ..... Lael W. Hill 1
Request of Years ..... Norma Wrathall 7
For the New Year, Twelve O'clock ..... Katherine Fernelius Larsen 7
The Preface ..... Margaret B. Shomaker 22
Night ..... Gene Romolo 40
Winter ..... Grace Sayre 52
Well-Seasoned ..... Thelma Ireland 53
All Things Must Rest ..... Grace M. Candland 71
Ode to Words ..... LaVerne J. Stallings 71
Serenity ..... Edith Russell Oliphant 71

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 37, NO. 1 JANUARY 1950

The Singing Snow

Lael W. Hill

Beyond low wooded hills the great peaks rise;
Magnificently robed in shining snow,
They stand aloof and proud where chill winds blow,
Their summits glitter-set on silver skies.
At intervals the winter eagle flies,
Loosing new silent feathers to the slow
White velvet hush that wildernesses know;
Blue-shaded slopes accept this, being wise.
They are aware of sound that echoes in
The frosted flakes—that clings, then drifts along
Too briefly spun, too delicate of mood
For mortal ears . . . But mountains claim each thin
Infinitesimal shadow-phrase of song
To haunt their crystal-crusted solitude.

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MEISSEN VASE PRESENTED TO THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY FOR THE NEW RELIEF

New Year Greetings to Relief Society Women Everywhere

ONCE again the general board of Relief Society desires to say to the members of our beloved organization throughout the world, *Happy New Year!*

As we glance back upon the past year we may see some things that have caused us to worry and some things that have given us feelings of uncertainty. However, we realize that the greatest things in life have been constant. Nothing of God's goodness has failed. The glories of his creation have been ours to enjoy; home loves, family associations, kindly friendships, and loving services have enriched our days.

And the greatest blessing of all, a testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ burning within us, has sustained us, calmed our fears, and given us hope.

Now, at the dawn of another year, with twelve months of unmarred days before us whose precious hours we may use as we will, let us encourage that spirit of hope. Let us look forward to a greater year, a brighter year, and a happier year because we have learned that to live the gospel of Jesus Christ is the most important thing in the world and the only assurance of happiness throughout the year.

Affectionately and sincerely,

BELLE S. SPAFFORD
MARIANNE C. SHARP
VELMA N. SIMONSEN
General Presidency

Relief Society Women as Mothers in Zion

President George Albert Smith

[Address delivered at the afternoon session of the Annual General Relief Society Conference, September 29, 1949.]

I would not miss this opportunity to say a few words for anything. I have been in meetings nearly all day. I just got out of one in time to come over and supposed I would be here for the latter part of the program, but I certainly did not expect to come and take up some of the time.

As I observed the Singing Mothers behind me, my thoughts were taken back to the Indians of the South Seas. I remember upon one occasion when they had a house full of people—there must have been about twelve hundred present—every one of them, natives, who were all sitting on the floor. They did not have a chair to sit on. Each district had its own song that they sang for us in their turn. And I could not help but think when I was down there, that those people were patterning after the Singing Mothers at home. They had heard about them; they had seen the pictures and there they, too, were Singing Mothers.

When I arrived in that mission there were two hundred women who were dressed in light-colored dresses that had been made by them from the bark of the Hippo tree. Their dresses covered the body from the neck down to the ankles, as well as the arms. These women were Relief Society members, and they were the Singing Mothers of that particular conference.

I think it is wonderful to be permitted to be here. I am so grateful when I hear such fine suggestions made as you have just listened to, about the opportunity of womankind. Think how many women there are in the world who have had an opportunity to have a family of children but did not assume the responsibility because they preferred to do something else.

It reminds me of the days of Theodore Roosevelt. Somebody, while talking to him in the White House one day, said: "President Roosevelt, I do not know what in the world is the matter with these women. We have a lot of houses here, I do not know just how many; but I have not seen a single child in them, not one. They have poll parrots, pug dogs, canary birds, and cats, and most everything else," he continued, "but there are no children. What do you think about it?"

President Roosevelt replied, "Well, I think that that is all they are entitled to. If they are that kind of women, that is all they are worthy of."

The President himself had a family of children his wife had helped him to raise, or that he had helped her to raise.

I am contrasting the women referred to by Theodore Roosevelt with this group present today. You represent all parts of the country.

I wish we could have a picture of this audience today, and that it might be printed in the place of some of those ridiculous things that are in the current magazines, and just show what the Latter-day Saint women believe in, what they live for, what their privileges are.

Of course, there are no other women in the world who have a place like this to meet in, and I want to say there are very few places in the world where you would find the same sweet influence that you find here in this great Tabernacle.

Referring again to the Indians of the South Seas, I am thinking what an advantage it is to them if we give them the benefit of that which we have learned. They have lost many opportunities in the past. Those of the Polynesian group are descendants of a prophet of God who came from Jerusalem about six hundred years before the birth of Christ, but they drifted and drifted. Very few of them live in what you would call a good house, but they have continued to grow and develop and live. There are thousands of them, and every one of them is a child of our Heavenly Father.

A few months ago the Bushnell hospital at Brigham City was turned over to the United States Department of Indian Affairs, and they advise that by the first of the year they will have two hundred Indian children there attending school. The number will increase as the months go by.

WHAT an opportunity for the people of Brigham City and that vicinity! I wonder if they fully realize it. It is an opportunity, and the government is permitting those children to be brought there, and our mothers and fathers in that part of the world can earn a blessing from our Heavenly Father if they will teach those children, whatever their ages may be, and help to educate them and prepare them that they, too, may be ready for the celestial kingdom when that time comes.

You people here represent large families of children, no doubt. The man talking to you is one of a family of eleven children, and I am sure every one of those children feels as I do, to ask the blessings of our Heavenly Father upon the woman who brought us into the world and gave us our opportunity. The other things that she did in the world were numerous, but they were as nothing compared to giving us the privilege of birth, and I hope that we will all live so that we will be a blessing to her forever.

You good mothers have a lot to do. You have your problems, I am sure, and the least of your problems is not always your husbands, but if you will keep the commandments of the Lord, if you will do as has been suggested, make your homes real homes; rear your children and your grandchildren as they come along so that they may go forward and keep his commandments, there is not a blessing in the world that is worthwhile that you may not have, because there is not anything compared to a family of children that will be more of a blessing.

When I was a child my folks were poor. Mother could not afford any help. She had to wait on the children, rear her family, and

take care of her home. And, by the way, as I have told you a good many times, I was born just across the street, here, so I feel as if I am back home today. But think of what she went through for the rest of us. She never had time to do some of the things that other women could do, but she devoted herself to her family. I want to tell you there are many homes, and one of them will be that home, where our Heavenly Father continues to bless those who came from them because of the training given by the mother.

I congratulate this great organization. There is no other group like it in the world. The Relief Society ranks higher in cultivation of all the things that are worthwhile than any other world organization. I congratulate you.

I wanted to come over here and visit with you just a few minutes and see what you were doing. I feel it is a blessing and a privilege to come and learn that you are preparing now to go on doing the things that will enrich your lives. I would like to emphasize again the fact that brothers and sisters at Brigham City can lay up treasures in heaven, nobody can take from them, if they will devote themselves as far as they can to those Indian children that have had but few opportunities up to now, and help to develop them and encourage them so that our Heavenly Father will be glad to bless.

THIS is our Father's work that we are associated with. This Relief Society was organized by the Lord through the Prophet Joseph Smith. I marvel when I see what a blessing it has been and realize how many people in the world have been blessed by this organization.

Again I say thank you for the privilege of being with you today. I pray that the blessings of our Heavenly Father may be with you in your homes. Teach your sons and daughters to do their best and not be satisfied with something mediocre, and then you will not only stand at the head of the list as you do now in the United States of America, but you will continue to be at the head of the list all the way down the line under the direction of our Heavenly Father.

I pray that the Lord will bless these general officers who give so much of their time to the Relief Society organization, and the stake officers, and ward officers, and every member, that everyone may feel that it has been a wonderful privilege to be born a daughter of God, and to be able to demonstrate appreciation of her blessings by being what he would have her to be.

I am sure you are rejoicing under the conditions that exist in your homes; your situations are better than in most places in the world right now, and if we keep the commandments of the Lord, he will guide us and protect and lead us, and in due time this will be the celestial kingdom. And wonderful and beautiful as this world is now, it will be so much more wonderful because, as the apostle Paul has said: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

Those are promises from our

Heavenly Father, but I want to say that every blessing is predicated upon obedience to the advice of our Heavenly Father, and if we are wise, we will not waste any of our time running after the things that perish when we may lay up in heaven those treasures that are eternal and that bring us great happiness.

I pray that the Lord may add his blessings, that your conference may conclude with the assurance on the part of each of you that the Lord's Spirit has been with you; that you may take it to your homes wherever they may be, with a determination that with the Lord's help you will earn the blessings that have been promised the faithful. I pray that you and your loved ones will be among those to whom our Heavenly Father will say in his time: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

My prayer is that this may be your blessing, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Request of Years

Norma Wrathall

Oh, passing years, that press and hurry so,
Leave, leave, I pray, some token of your flight—
Beloved music; leaf-strewn paths which hold
The feel of autumn on a starlit night;
Or when remembered firelight flicked the wall,
Dancing like dreams of happy things to be—
Leave for each heart such moments, bright and warm,
Where clings, undimmed, some old expectancy!

For the New Year, Twelve O'clock

Katherine Fernelius Larsen

In the most solemn moment
Of ending and beginning,
Let my thoughts be stark
As January sky—
Unremembering, unforgetting—
Held suspended on a breath
Between a year's birth,
And a year's death.

Let my heart be pure as snow,
Clean as wind from heaven's height;
And my new thoughts lightly go
As sparrows scattered forth in flight.

Let my heart be love-warm, holding
Sacred promise for the year unfolding.

Award Winners

Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest

THE Relief Society general board is pleased to announce the names of the three prize winners in the 1949 Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest.

This contest was announced in the June 1949 issue of the *Magazine*, and closed September 15, 1949.

The first prize of twenty-five dollars is awarded to Evelyn H. Hughes, Springdale, Utah, for her poem "Desert Pioneer."

The second prize of twenty dollars is awarded to Caroline Eyring Miner, Riverton, Utah, for her poem "My Recompense."

The third prize of fifteen dollars is awarded to Margery S. Stewart, Salt Lake City, Utah, for her poem "The Broken Day."

This poem contest has been conducted annually by the Relief Society general board since 1932, in honor of Eliza R. Snow, second general president of Relief Society, a gifted poet and beloved leader.

The contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, and is designed to encourage poetry writing, and to increase appreciation for creative writing and the beauty and value of poetry.

Prize-winning poems are the property of the Relief Society general board, and may not be used for publication by others except upon written permission from the general board. The general board also reserves the right to publish any of the other poems submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rate. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

There were ninety-seven poems submitted in this year's contest, as compared with seventy-two entered last year. Many of the poems submitted this year revealed beauty of thought, and nearly all of the subjects of the entries were based upon an interesting and significant theme.

One of the 1949 prize winners has received previous awards in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, and two new poets are represented. The general board congratulates the prize winners and expresses appreciation to all entrants for their interest in the contest.

The general board wishes, also, to thank the judges for their care and diligence in selecting the prize-winning poems. The services of the poetry committee of the general board are very much appreciated.

The prize-winning poems, together with photographs and biographical sketches of the prize-winning contestants, are published herewith.

Prize-Winning Poems

Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest

EVELYN H. HUGHES

First Prize Poem

Desert Pioneer

Evelyn H. Hughes

Dawn

She stood apart to watch the dawn ascend
With bold prophetic promise of new day,
Bringing the doubts of darkness to an end,
Promising home where pilgrim feet could stay.
Yet, as the light shot upward, sharp and bright,
And back the curtain of the morning rolled,
She felt again old terrors and new fright
To see the barren desert, eons old,
Stretch out its lifeless waste to meet the sky;
To hear the silence shout like restless foam
Daring humanity the right to try—
Defying alien man to make his home.
Torn with despair, her tears fell to the sand—
What greater courage, God, to win this land!

Noon

The sun, a lambent flame at sultry noon,
His evil eye upon the desert turned;
New grass beside her doorstep, all too soon
Lay parched, seared brown, and burned.
With weary eyes she watched the steel blue dome,
Dreaming of lashing drops of crystal rain;
Of cool green shadows and a mountain home—
But dreams are phantom whispers, dreams are pain.
When one must swelter in the arid air,
Seeing one's labors snuffed out by a breath,
Beating one's heart upon an empty prayer,
Believing silent lands hold naught but death!
Like khamsin winds from off Sahara sand,
The white hot desert heat held fast the land.

Dusk

The daylight like a flame is fading out,
One coal-bright cloud rests on a coral sea,
The velvet mantled hills are close about;
This magic moment breathes of witchery.
The soft far voices of the desert play
A great symphonic movement to the dusk;
With muted melody the breezes say,
"Tomorrow, too, will be a pale white husk."
This moment only holds the tired heart
Tenderly against all future sorrow;
This second is a swift white silver dart
Whose wound, though deep, will heal and hold the morrow.
She stood entranced. The desert dusk held power
To soothe, sustain, uphold her every hour.

EVELYN H. HUGHES

Evelyn H. Hughes, a writer new to the readers of *The Relief Society Magazine*, is a young wife and mother now living in Springdale, Utah. She writes briefly regarding herself: "My parents are Leroy and Katie Brown Hawkins. I was born in Blanding, Utah, and lived there until I graduated from high school. I attended Dixie Junior College and later graduated from Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah. My husband Owen Hughes is a school teacher and we have a daughter Kathryn, one year old.

"I began writing while I was very young, but have submitted very little for publication. My first published poem appeared in *The Improvement Era* while I was in high school."

CAROLINE EYRING MINER

Second Prize Poem

My Recompense

Caroline Eyring Miner

Morning

This morning when I saw the Teton Peaks
Like glistening spears of ice against the sky—
A lake-sky at their feet—surrounded by
A myriad green-speared army in salute,
I shouted, "This is grandeur, this scene speaks
A language that I understand, for I
Am young and strong, and I can amplify
This wild, clear, vigorous call with absolute
And perfect faith. My little hand of dust
Is kindled to a flame and there is nothing
That I cannot do with work and trust—
Reach heaven itself, withstand the buffeting.
No matter that the years may dim my fire;
This morning I have glimpsed my soul's desire."

Midday

The sun is high and spills its golden light
Above the beaded fields of ripened grain,
And not a single shadow makes a stain
Upon the ground; the air is fetid, sweet

With clover bloom; the katydids make bright
Accompaniment to bees in noontime strain
Of needled music. Grass hay that has lain
In meadows, berries ripened for a treat
For kings, frail willow-lace along the brook,
All add their special note to midday song.
This is the hour when my soul must look
Well to its moorings or somewhere along
The way in this bright, sensuous, sweet hour
I may in error build a leaning tower.

Evening

The gold of noon has dimmed, and purple mist
Is draped with star points as the restless lake
At last grows smoother, moving still to take
Its exercise in sleep. I, too, may dream:
I have known friends whom I could love and trust;
I have been given work to do to make
The world more blessed, and have known joy and heartache
In the two; I have loved simple things: star's gleam,
Bird's song, hills pricked with shade, the sea as blue
As indigo, a child's sweet trusting ways,
Cool water when the day was warm, the dew
On lily cup, and gentle word of praise.
I am content. These things God gave to me;
These joys I sought; this is my destiny.

CAROLINE EYRING MINER

Caroline Eyring Miner, a gifted writer, has had more than a hundred of her compositions—poems, stories, and articles, published, many of them appearing in the Church magazines. Her poems have also been published by *Alentour*, a national poetry magazine, and by the *Portland Oregonian*. She was awarded second prize in one of the annual poetry contests sponsored by the Utah Federation of Women's Clubs. Readers of *The Relief Society Magazine* are familiar with her poetry and articles which have appeared in the *Magazine* since 1934. Her short articles—small gems of beauty and wisdom—are particularly outstanding and have been greatly enjoyed. A longer article, "Cache Valley—Part of the Mormon Epic," was published in August 1946. Mrs. Miner has placed twice in the Eliza R. Snow Poem contests, having won the third prize in 1944 for her sonnet sequence "That Which Sustains," and third prize in 1945 for another sonnet sequence, "The Good Inheritance."

A note from Mrs. Miner explains her writing hobby and her "real professions": "Writing is my hobby, which I pursue under difficulty, since I have a husband and seven wonderful children of my own, and teach English and speech all day to other people's children. I live in Riverton, Utah, and my husband is Glen B. Miner, school teacher and dairyman. I am first counselor in the West Jordan Stake M.I.A. The poem, "My Recompense," was a direct result of my meditations upon our family's short vacation trip last summer to the Teton country, Star Valley, and Bear Lake, respectively, as shown in the three parts of the poem."

MARGERY S. STEWART

Third Prize Poem

The Broken Day

Margery S. Stewart

It was on the twelfth hour of the day
The world shattered. We heard
The rending of the spheres, the breaking
Of the skies, the trumpet.
It was a day, like any other day,
Men read the morning papers, Margaret's
Son paused to tell me of his marriage,
Someone died—Phillip, my friend—
Tears pushed behind my eyes. Death
Had importance in the morning. At noon
Men strove to find it, clawed the rocks,
Prayed the hills would thunder on their
Flesh. Yet morning gave no sign.
We went to business, unlocked giant
Safes, counted coins in little rattling
Tills. They said Peter, the prophet,
Was crying on the street corner, hoarse
From the day before when we had mocked him.

Someone called police—we were expecting
A convention. We could not have a man
Crying "Repent! Repent!" Pointing out
Civic derelictions and private sins.
Girls swayed by on hard, quick feet,
"If you don't look after yourself," they said,
"No one else will. You have to be smart
These days." Days. Days. Once there
Were days, compact circles of hours,
Morning, noon, and evening . . . days . . . .
Nights. We thought it would go on forever,
Then God closed the book. We found
Ourselves between the covers on pages
We had never taken time to read.

MARGERY S. STEWART

Margery S. Stewart writes with vividness and originality. Her prose and poetry are characterized by authentic emotion and beauty and accuracy of expression. Readers of *The Relief Society Magazine* will remember with pleasure her many excellent contributions, which include the lovely Christmas poem "The Traveler" (frontispiece poem, December 1946) and the outstanding short story "The Intruder" (October 1946). Her story "The Return" was awarded first prize in the Relief Society Short Story Contest for 1946. This is Mrs. Stewart's first appearance as a winner in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest. She is an active member of several writers' groups, including The Barnacles (story writing group of Salt Lake City), the National Writers League, the Utah Sonneteers, and other similar organizations.

Mrs. Stewart tells us something about herself, her writing, and her family in this charming and characteristic note: "I have a daughter Sandra, thirteen years old, and a son Russell S. Stewart, Jr., just turned five. We have just moved into Laurelcrest Ward (Salt Lake City) and I have begun to teach a class in the junior Sunday School, which is the most enjoyable work I have ever done. As for literary sales, I've sold to, or been accepted by, *The Relief Society Magazine, The Improvement Era, Western Review, Kaleidograph, The Utah Magazine, This Week, Good Housekeeping,* and several newspapers. I've won some prizes which seem to happen just about the time I'm ready to toss the typewriter out the window. I especially enjoy writing long stories, such as serials. I loved writing 'Joanna' (serialized in *The Relief Society Magazine* during 1949) above anything I've ever done. She (Joanna) is as real to me as my next-door neighbor. Sometimes, when I feel low or faint-hearted, I lie awake at night and remember Joanna and feel uplifted, which goes to prove that writers don't invent people, they just knock on the door some bright morning and say, 'We've come for a good long visit!' And that's all there is to it."

Award Winners

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

THE Relief Society general board is pleased to announce the names of the award winners in the short story contest which was announced in the June 1949 issue of the *Magazine*, and which closed September 15, 1949.

The first prize of fifty dollars is awarded to Dorothy Clapp Robinson, Boise, Idaho, for her story "Grass in the Market Place."

The second prize of forty dollars is awarded to Norma Wrathall, Murray, Utah, for her story "The House That Jim Built."

The third prize of thirty dollars is awarded to Florence B. Dunford, Boise, Idaho, for her story "The Hee-Haw Pony."

This contest, first conducted by the Relief Society general board in 1941, as a feature of the Relief Society centennial observance, was made an annual contest in 1942. The contest is open only to Latter-day Saint women who have had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication by a periodical of recognized merit.

The three prize-winning stories will be published consecutively in the first three issues of the *Magazine* for 1950.

Twenty-four manuscripts were submitted in the contest for 1949. Two of the prize winners for this year have previously placed in the Relief Society Short Story Contest, and one new writer is represented. Most of the stories entered in this contest were well-written, many of them revealing professional quality in organization and technique.

The contest was initiated to encourage Latter-day Saint women to express themselves in the field of fiction. The general board feels that the response to this opportunity will continue to increase the literary quality of *The Relief Society Magazine*, and will aid the women of the Church in the development of their gifts in creative writing.

The Relief Society Magazine now has a circulation of over 80,000. There are subscribers in every state of the Union, and in many foreign countries, thus providing a varied and interested group of readers. Writers, recognizing this large and appreciative audience, realize the importance of entering in the contest their very best work.

The general board congratulates the prize-winning contestants, and expresses appreciation to all those who submitted stories. Sincere gratitude is extended to the three judges for their discernment and skill in selecting the prize-winning stories. The general board also acknowledges, with appreciation, the work of the short story committee in supervising the contest.

First Prize Story

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

Grass in the Market Place

Dorothy Clapp Robinson

DOROTHY CLAPP ROBINSON

STEPPING outside, Kent Turner closed the screen door quietly behind him. He stretched luxuriously and filled his lnngs with air that was sharply cool and pungent with the flavor of morning. Three hours' sleep had eased the strain of tired muscles, but that old nagging restlessness was still with him. Would he ever learn? Abruptly he reached for his irrigating shovel and threw it over his shoulder. As he started across the yard, Thane, the collie, rubbed against his legs.

Back of Mt. Putnam, dawn was a faint blush while, below, the river bottoms stretched into a long darkness. From the saddle of the granary a robin was flinging a liquid challenge to a still sleeping world. The notes brought a bitter-sweet nostalgia. Impatiently he lengthened his stride, but stopped abruptly as the throb of a motor broke the morning stillness.

Kent traced the sound as it wound along the rim of the benchland. That was a private road through his field. He waited, premonition tapping hard at his temples. Against the brightening sky he could see the car as it entered the yard. A door opened and a girl stepped out. Jean! The car rolled back to the gate. Kent's long fingers bit hard against the handle of the shovel. Thane whined and the girl came to stand before him.

"Good morning." There was no answer; she tried again. "Kent, I—I—"

Kent waited, his body tall and hard with tension.

"Kent—I've—I've—oh, don't be so stiff."

"Leaving was your idea, not mine."

Her head raised in angry protest. There was a moment of throbbing silence, then her shoulders drooped. "I want to stay—no, wait a moment—for a while, Kent. I heard you needed help."

His laugh was mirthless. "I need a man. I have a housekeeper."

"I know; but there are many things I could do."

"Just what, besides daubing with paint and griping about hard work?"

She turned and went to stand by her bags, but, as he watched, the stiffness went out of her. Slowly she came back. She laid a hand on his arm.

"Won't you give me a chance?"

Because her touch was dry ice in his veins he answered harshly, "Mrs. Bates isn't up yet. You may have the back bedroom. Breakfast at six-thirty as usual."

He whirled, and beyond the corral he straddled the fence and hurried to where water, running between rows of young beets, waited his attention. By the rapidly spreading light he noted the rows that were well soaked, those that were not. He dammed certain furrows and opened others. He felt the sun on his back and his shirt clung to him with perspiration. All the time his emotions were a battering ram pounding between the past and the present.

Why had she come back? Not because she was ready to give up painting, he had made certain of that with one glance at her bags. Because of love? She had loved him in the beginning, of that he was sure. Then why hadn't they been able to make their marriage work? His one brief year with calm and gentle Barbara, who had died at Tim's birth, had not prepared him

DOROTHY CLAPP ROBINSON

Dorothy Clapp Robinson, Boise, Idaho, is well-known for her many excellent contributions to the Church publications. Her short stories have appeared in many other publications as well and she is an active member and past state and chapter president of the Idaho Writers' League.

Relief Society Magazine readers will particularly remember Mrs. Robinson's outstanding serials: "Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd (1939); "Cathedral of Peace" (1939-1940); and "Forward Without Fear" (1944-1945). Her short story "Though a Host Encamp Against Thee" was awarded third prize in the Relief Society Short Story Contest for 1944. Her recent contributions include "If You Will Drive" (March 1947) and "The Gift" (April 1948). Her prose is characterized by simplicity and naturalness of expression and the people in her stories are presented with such skill that they seem familiar and close to the reader. Mrs. Robinson makes use of the storied West as a background for her writings and many of her best compositions are concerned with ranch families and their problems.

Mrs. Robinson writes briefly regarding her present activities: "Writing should be classed as a hobby with me, for it has always been sandwiched in between family responsibilities and other work; yet it has reached a quarter million words published. I hope to produce that much more. Writing has brought me many of my most cherished contacts and deepest friendships, but Relief Society has been the real love of my life. I have been an officer in it for twenty years. At present I am education counselor on the Boise stake board. We have four daughters, all married. One, recently returned from Germany, lives in North Carolina; one is in Honolulu; one in Utah, and one in Idaho. Our son P. B. Robinson, Jr. is at the present serving in the Finnish Mission."

for Jean. Jean had been a devoted mother to Tim, but she had been a temperamental wife. Painting had been her first love, of that, too, he felt certain. Was there now room in her heart for both, he wondered. No, that was wishful thinking.

Last night, alone with the silence and the water, he had told himself the wound was healed and he was free to marry again—should he ever reach that state of imbecility. But now she was back and he could only guess at her motive; and, fool that he was, he would gamble the opening of that wound against a day, a week, or a month of her presence.

With a savage push, the shovel bit deep into the bank of the ditch. He lifted the released mud and slapped it viciously into the mouth of a furrow.

Next to milking she had hated irrigating most. He straightened with a sudden thought. Well—why not? If her desire to stay was stronger than her dislike for milking—he turned and went slowly toward the house.

Halfway across the field his long legs faltered. He couldn't do it. He had flung an ultimatum at her once and lost. With a groan, he dropped to the bank of the ditch and took his head between his hands.

Three years since she had gone away, and each year counted from one, as Tim would say. Tim! She might be after him—but that was absurd. Tim was his alone. There had been a baby girl, his and Jean's. It was after her death that their differences had become a vicious wedge. Fear and heartbreak had warped his judgment, just as success and heartbreak had hers. She had won a national contest with a painting and had immediately plunged into plans for going east.

"You're crazy," he had shouted at her. "What would I do in town?"

"What do other men do? You are a college graduate. There are any number of things you might do."

"But I am a farmer. My roots are here and here I am staying; so are you."

"You can't threaten me into staying. I hate this place. I hate—"

"Go on. Say it. Say you hate me."

"No. No, Kent. I just hate your stubbornness. Always, always, the place comes first."

"We get our living from the place. It must come first."

"And I must paint."

In blind fury he had splintered her easel with his boot. One powerful fling had scattered her paints. For a moment she had stared at him, white-lipped, and then had walked out of his life. His cheeks burned at the memory of his uncontrolled anger, but he had been right—well, surely he had been justified. Against the making of a home, her painting was no more than child's play. Besides, he wanted the whole heart and soul of her, not a share. Now she was back and there was milking to be done.

She was sitting on the back steps in slacks and shirt. Thane was lying with his head in her lap.

"Come on." He stood the shovel against the house. "I'll start you on your work."

"Before breakfast?"

"We always milk before breakfast. Have you forgotten?"

She rose abruptly, pushing the dog away.

After they were through, he sent her to the house while he wheeled the cans of milk to the road. When he came in she was sitting on the bench by the breakfast table. Mrs. Bates, the housekeeper, was baking waffles.

"If you had of told me we was having company—," she began.

"We're not," he interrupted. "This is—a—our new hired man."

Mrs. Bates dropped the waffle she was balancing on a knife. She smacked more batter on the iron. Her disapproval swelled to fill the room.

KENT sat down. With seeming indifference, Jean glanced at him, but that glance saw the network of coming wrinkles about his eyes and the straight lines of his mouth. He offered cream for her cereal but she refused.

"You will have to eat if you work."

"I am waiting for a waffle." A few moments later she was buttering the waffle, when she paused abruptly, knife poised in air.

"Morning, Bates. Hiya, Dad." The bathroom door had opened and a boy came through. He had on shoes and levis but no shirt. He had washed hastily, and beads of moisture clung to his cheeks below his ears. A wet comb had leveled a path in the exact center of his riotous curls. Except for the curls, he was a replica of his father. The smile that passed between them made the girl blink quickly. The boy was slipping into the seat opposite his father when he noticed the stranger. He stopped short, then sat down by Kent.

"We have company already, huh?"

"I am not company, Timmy. I am your father's—hired man." The tone was so—o casual, but Kent could see the throbbing in her throat.

Tim's laughter tumbled over the table. "You are not."

"Cross my heart."

Kent's eyes darkened with misery. Just that easy—the inning was all hers.

"Phooey. Did I see you some place?"

"Uum-m. Could be."

The boy searched for something that eluded him. "How did you know my name?"

"Why—your father must have told me."

"Huh. You're nice. I would like you for a mother."

Kent expelled his breath. He rose abruptly and spoke to Jean. "You may clean the milkhouse. Tomorrow we will see about driving tractor. Tim, don't forget the chickens before you take the cows to pasture." He tousled the boy's hair, and the gesture claimed sole possession. He stopped on the porch to pull on his boots.

When Jean came out Tim was with her, talking excitedly. A momentary exultation swept over Kent. It was so right for Tim to love her. It was so right for the three of them to be together.

"Don't be a dope," he warned

himself. "Women like her never change. They are too self-centered."

She didn't come in to supper. Tim rushed in, ate hurriedly, and rushed out again. At eight, Kent coming in from changing the water, stopped by the barn. She and Tim were still struggling with the milkers.

"Go to the house," he ordered. "I will finish."

She ignored him as completely as she did his command. He hesitated only a moment, then went to the washhouse to change his clothes. In ten minutes they were through.

"This is the end," Kent thought, and strangely was not pleased. "She will be gone with the morning."

He was wrong. At five the next morning she was in the barn. At the end of the week Kent was bewildered. By all the rules she should have been gone. Could she have been sincere in what she said? The cows dropped gallons on their milk, but Jean gave no indication of knowing it. Mrs. Bates protested once.

"That girl is killing herself, and her not weighing a hundred pounds at the best."

"One hundred ten," he corrected. No one need tell him how much she should weigh. At one hundred ten she fit into the curve of his arm when he held it so. . . .

ONE evening when she had been there a month, Kent came in from the field in time to see her and Tim making for the path that led to the river bottoms. Hopes that had grown unacknowledged writhed under a death blow. Well —what had he expected? He cut across the field to intercept them.

"Where are you going, Tim?"

The boy turned a troubled glance to his father. Ever since Jean had been living with them his father had been cross.

"For the cows, Dad. Jean is going with me after we see her picture. Did you know she paints pictures?"

"Jean wasn't hired to paint."

"Come on, Timmy." Jean ran quickly down the path, but the boy hung back. Kent took his hand, but it was quietly withdrawn. Again the inning was hers.

Not long after that Kent came up behind Tim and Jean as they were bringing the cows out of the meadows. They were not aware of his presence. One cow refused to go with the herd and repeatedly Tim had to bring her back.

"Get back there, you crazy old so-and-so," he yelled, and threw a well-aimed rock at her. The cow jumped and started the herd running. When Tim would have run after them Jean held him back.

"You have excited them. Wait until they are quiet and then we will drive them in."

Tim sensed her disapproval. "You didn't like me doing that, did you?" he asked.

"What do you think?"

"But she is an old—"

"A gentleman doesn't lose his temper and yell."

"Huh-uh. Dad does sometimes."

Kent listened breathlessly for her answer, but it was drowned by the sudden barking of the collie.

SUMMER passed on wings of worry and work. Jean stayed on. Gradually she took over control of

Tim. Slowly, so slowly he was not aware of it, she relieved Kent of many lesser responsibilities, especially those that concerned the running of the home. The hollow places in her cheeks filled out and her skin was a smooth velvety tan; yet, as the summer advanced, she grew increasingly restless. More and more often she followed the path down the bluff.

Kent, watching, wondered at man's capacity for punishment. His arms ached for the feel of her. The irrigating season was over; the stacks of hay had turned brown. The potatoes were sacked and tomorrow he was starting on the beets. After that he would be around the house more and he would not be able to depend on the drugging power of exhaustion for self-control. This farce must end—now. He followed down the path.

Fall had swept the bottoms with a lavish brush. They were a riot of yellow and orange with here and there the flaming red of kinnikinnick. The blue of the river, showing through the partially leafless cottonwoods, duplicated the blue of the cloud-flecked sky. The slightly acrid odor of the meadows brought bitter-sweet memories. Other times they had been here when earth was rich with color and warm with life; when their love had been a living, undivided completeness.

He followed the winding path across the bridge, through the twilight of a cottonwood grove, and came to a clearing. Here the river made a bend and, in the days before he owned this section, someone had built a shack against the bluff. He had rebuilt it into a studio. It had been their trysting place; it had been the scene of their last bitter quarrel.

As he came into the clearing Kent stopped short. Jean was standing before a canvas. The familiarity of her pose was breath-taking. He went slowly to stand back of her and she accepted his presence as if the lost years had never been. A long minute he looked, while pride and stubbornness fought for control of him. Pride won, but with it came a helplessness greater than he had known. He could no longer deny her art. Here was something that could not be bounded by his narrow acres. Here was vindication for her ambition.

The setting of the picture was similar to this spot. In the foreground a child, a small child with flaxen hair, clutched desperately at the scruff of a brown collie. His shoulders were tense, as if to ward off a blow. In the background a man was broadcasting grain over a rough and impotent ground. The sweep of his arm was both angry and determined. Opposite him a woman, using a stagnant pool as a mirror, was fastening a half-wilted flower in her hair. Between them the grass was rank and untrampled.

"Is it good, Kent?"

"You know it is."

"I thought so but I was afraid to hope. What makes it good?" There was a breathlessness about her question that brought a tightening in his throat. "Once I tried to do this identical composition. The critics were savage."

"Why?"

"No life, no depth, no understanding—to quote the kinder phrases."

She asked again, "What makes it good?"

"I am not sure I can say. The perception is better than the execution. It may be—it must be recognition of life and its relationships. I sensed at once the child's fear and bewilderment, caught as he is between the father's determination and the mother's vanity." He turned slowly to face her. Tears were running unheeded down her cheeks. "What are you trying to tell, Jean? Why are their faces turned from each other and from the richness that lies between them?"

"Just what you have said, Kent. I have grown up. I no longer see just the pool but the entire picture, and that perception has made me a better painter."

"So you came back that you might be a better painter. I knew there was a catch somewhere." His voice ran down to a point that was as bleak and cold as his eyes. "You may take your paints and leave—at once."

"You are still fighting, aren't you, Kent? Do you think painting alone would have kept me here? I tried to tell you that first morning. I want to stay home."

"But—but . . ." The bleakness turned slowly to bewilderment. "You are no longer my wife. We are separated."

Very carefully she laid aside her brush and came back to stand before him.

"We thought we were separated. We thought we could pull those years from our lives but we can't. Between man and wife there can never be complete separation, only untrodden grass. There can be distance between them, yes; misunderstanding, yes, even forgetfulness, but never complete separation. I am your wife. I know now that miles, nor years, nor laws can undo the marriage relationship once it has existed. We may push it into the unaired chambers of our memory but it is still there. Marriage *is*, irrevocable and everlasting."

Kent's blood was pounding with hope, sweet and promising. He touched her gently, then suddenly she was in his arms, and the heartache and the misunderstanding were but a frightening nightmare. They did not hear the barking of the collie nor Tim's cries until the boy threw himself against them.

"Us three is all together," he cried happily.

The Preface

Margaret B. Shomaker

Life is a page
In the book of time—
Preface only,
To a future, sublime.

Dark in the Chrysalis

Alice Morrey Bailey

Chapter I

EDITH Ashe stood on the landing, not deliberately eavesdropping—she couldn't have moved if she had wanted to—while waves of alternate humiliation and anger shuddered over her. Below, in the living room, Annette's voice was plainly audible, discussing Edith herself.

"I know she's your mother, Kit, but I'm your wife."

"I'm happy to agree with that," said Kit in a that-settles-that tone of voice. It didn't settle anything.

"Kit, something has to be done. I can't go through another day like yesterday. She took my luncheon guests through the whole thing, from your father's first symptom, all the operations, and every detail of his death to the funeral. The oxygen tank, the hypodermics and special nurses—all of it, not a word left out. I was so embarrassed."

Edith caught her breath sharply. Why, she wouldn't have gone to the luncheon at all—she had offered to stay in her room or go to a movie—if Annette hadn't insisted. How could the girl—?

"Well, Annie dear, you must realize mother's not herself," Kit was saying. "You must make allowances. When two people are as close as mother and dad were, it is an awful thing, a shock to—"

"But two years, Kit! You'd think by this time—I know it's hard, and I have made allowances, but I can't stand any more. Can't she go to Bill's or to some of the others for awhile?"

"No. You know how Bill and Marylin scrap. Mother's nerves just won't take it. Frank has that big family, and Andy and Ruth are just getting started. Besides, mother's done more for me than for the rest—helping me get my degree. I wouldn't shunt her around for the world. We have the room and we have the money—no, Annette!"

Annette, weeping, whimpered something Edith couldn't hear.

"Now, dearest, you know that isn't true," Kit answered. "I love you and I always will, but you and mother will have to work something out yourselves. If mother had a daughter—daughters and mothers are closer. You don't really know what a peach she was in the old days—helping dad in his practice, Johnny-on-the-spot when any of us had a green-apple stomach-ache or a major crisis like the need for a tuxedo and orchid money. She was jolly fun, too."

"When I get old I hope I have my pride," began Annette.

"Mother's not old," said Kit sharply. "She's not fifty yet. She's tired and sick, and dad's going knocked her for a loop, but there's plenty of spunk left in her yet. You just don't know mother."

Kit's voice was high, belying his words, and his defense of her, placing all her virtues in the past tense, hurt her almost as much as did Annette's

indictment. Edith knew, with sinking heart, that while Kit pretended to put the problem in Annette's domain, he would still worry about it. Why would the girl send him off to work like this?

She crept back to her room, taking care to make no sound, slipped into the still warm bed, and pulled the covers about her. Tears came easily for Edith; they had been her only recourse since Marvin's death, and they came now, scalding and bitter, to dampen the pillow beneath her cheek.

Annette was wrong. She hadn't told the girls everything. She hadn't, for instance, told Annette's guests that every penny they had in the world, Marvin's surgical equipment, their two cars, the equity in the family home, and finally borrowed money, had gone into the hopeless fight for Marvin's life.

Edith didn't begrudge one penny of it, was only glad that the insurance had covered the loan, but that didn't alter the fact that now she was dependent upon her children, nor lessen the bitterness that she was considered a relic, and not wanted.

Annette was unjust. Evidently she'd never noticed how Edith kept to her room to allow more privacy to the young couple, coming down after Kit had gone to work, going upstairs early in the evening to read alone in her room, listening to the radio, or just going to bed to face the awful dark. Perhaps she had said too much yesterday, but if so it was because she was lonely, and because they had seemed interested.

Edith shuddered now to think of it. Polite young women, they were, smooth and well-groomed, hiding their boredom of an older woman's recital of her troubles beneath an exterior of simulated interest. And Annette, smilingly deferent, secretly ashamed of her. She herself, had she lost her sense of perception, that she could have missed the whole atmosphere?

Edith would not say that she wanted to die, but she certainly did not want to live; with all her being she wanted to be out of this house, away from Kit and Annette, no longer an issue between them, a problem to be solved. But what Kit said was true. It was unthinkable to go to any of the other children for more than a short visit.

Edith turned her face into the pillow with a fresh flood of tears, knowing that it was past time for her to go downstairs, knowing, too, that she could not face Annette.

Sometime later Annette knocked softly at her door, a little edge of apprehension in her voice.

"Mother Ashe, are you all right?"

It was on the tip of Edith's tongue to say that no, she was not all right, that she had heard every word of the conversation this morning, and she was very much upset. Annette would feel guilty, Kit would blame Annette, and things could go on from there; but some little point of pride from Kit's defense of her sparked her reply.

"I'm not sick," she controlled her voice to say. "I just feel like lying here a little longer. I hope it won't inconvenience you."

"Surely not," said Annette. "May I come in?"

"Of course," said Edith, thankful that the shades were still drawn.

"You're sure you're not sick?" queried Annette. "I had planned to go to town and have lunch at Cathay's with some of the girls, then shopping for the afternoon and home with Kit, but if you are ill—"

"Nonsense," said Edith, much relieved at the prospect of the rest of the day alone. "Go ahead. I'll be fine. I'll have dinner ready when you get home."

"I'll appreciate that, Mother Ashe, if you're sure. Let me bring you something hot now."

It could be any morning, with nothing changed, except for that hideous ten minutes on the landing. The hot milk and toast, when Annette brought it, tasted surprisingly good, and yet Edith lay there. Kit's words recurred again and again, each time with added force, "She's not old—there's plenty of spunk left in her yet."

Well, if keeping a home like a doctor's home should be kept, bringing up four lively boys, entertaining and taking part in church and civic organizations, was capability, Kit was right. "You're the kind of woman who can do everything, and do it right," Marvin used to say. No need for a woman like that to creep around on the edge of someone else's life. No, Annette didn't know mother!

Kit had met her at school; they had been married that awful summer at the beginning of Marvin's illness, when the knowledge of what they were up against was a stone in her mind. She hadn't told them, fearing to shorten their happiness, and hoping the evil dream would disappear. She must have seemed old and queer to Annette.

In the old days there had been dinners and dances and heart-warming visits. Their home had always been hospitably open, and she had been happy in the midst of her cherished furniture and dishes, her linen and silver. She was lonesome for them now, a part of the ache that was for Marvin. Annette had not wanted any of her things, and they were all stored, swathed in covers, in the spare room at Kit's, in spite of the appeals of the children to "sell the junk," and in spite of Annette's hints that the space could be used for a darkroom for Kit, who was an amateur photographer.

It was not just hard for Annette. A strange house, strange furniture, and different ways of doing things were not easy for Edith either. Moreover, she felt she had no right to invite her friends, even her own children and grandchildren. She had looked forward to the enjoyment of her grandchildren, to helping fill their needs, for children needed the rich wisdom of their grandparents, especially since their parents were caught in the conflicts of youth, of adjusting relationships and making a living, and the fears that were fed by their ignorance.

There was Frank's wife, who had been pretty and popular, and who was now resentful under the burden of four children arriving in rapid succession. She was turning into a scold, nagging the children until they were developing nervous habits, and reproaching Frank for her lack of pretty clothes, the loss of

her looks and of her figure, never remembering that she had pestered Frank for an early marriage when he wanted to wait until he was better equipped to make a living, never seeing what it was doing to the babies. Betty Lynn, the oldest, was an adorable little girl, sensitive and intelligent. Edith longed to give her some of the delights of childhood that she was definitely missing.

Andy had married a sweet girl, and a capable girl, Edith believed. They were in Berkeley, Andy going to school on his G. I. bill, and Ruth working in an office. They had a cubbyhole of an apartment. They would perhaps come home for the holidays if there was a place to come to. As it was, Edith felt their letters were getting fewer and more stereotyped with duty.

Bill's wife, Marylin, was a high-strung girl, and Bill, Edith had to admit, was hot-headed and unreasonable. The result was that their life together was a series of violent quarrels, followed by ardent reconciliations. Edith was sure they loved each other, and would eventually settle into a working partnership, but being around them while they did was not comfortable. She had just not felt up to it.

Bill, her youngest and stormiest child, had always brought his problems to her, disguised as arguments in which she was always bested. Her only knowledge that she won was when Bill went his way, took her advice, which he had invariably rebelled against, and put it into effective use. He had come to Kit's two or three times, turbulent with questions and doubts, but, naturally, he couldn't use her emotions for a punching bag, her brains for a sparring partner, before Annette, so he had gone away unsatisfied, to take it out on poor Marylin, no doubt.

Edith sighed, thinking of him. Below, in the living room, the vacuum had long since stopped humming. Any minute now Annette would come upstairs to dress. Edith, dreading another encounter with her, from pure chagrin went into her own bathroom and started the water for her bath. She bathed long and luxuriously, and when she came out Annette had gone.

She forced herself to sit at the dressing table and look at herself, something she had not really done for a long time. She was beautiful, Marvin used to say, with a look of distinction, with a high-bridged nose, her blue-black hair sculptured high, and her long blue-black eyes. Now she was thin; her face drooped from too much grief. Her courage went out of her as she struggled to make her hair assume its old smartness.

The morning paper was neatly folded on an end table downstairs. Annette was a good housekeeper, and, in fairness, Edith had to admit she was a good daughter-in-law. She would never forget how unselfishly the girl had taken her into her new home. She had never been warmly friendly, but had always been kind and polite. Edith had been disappointed, so much had she hoped to find a daughter in Kit's wife, but she had supposed it was just the girl's way—until to-

(Continued on page 37)

You Can Learn

Part III

E Is for Ernie and F Is for Freckles

Katherine Kelly

"WELL, Tom, you got a boy!"

I was pretty well spent at the time, but the more I think about it the surer I am that the doctor held my baby up by one leg and said, "Well, Tom, you got a boy!"

Mother insists that it was by both legs, while he taught the baby to breathe, but imagine that! As if I weren't there at all!

Tom was so thrilled that he went straight back to the farm and told Joe and Mary that he had a twelve-pound son! Of course they knew that couldn't be the truth, so they wouldn't believe him at all. But the baby did weigh six pounds and was sound and well. Not so bad for me to do! That same doctor had told Tom when we were married, "You can get babies after you are married, without marrying one."

And all because Tom was eight years older than I. I don't know why everyone made such a fuss, in a few more weeks I would be twenty. That isn't so young to become a mother.

We named him Ernest, our first-born son. Joe, my brother-in-law, said that in all well-regulated families they had a son first. I was glad that I had accomplished that, although I couldn't see how I could have done much about it.

One morning as I carefully bathed Ernie I noticed every dimple on his little fat body. He had gained two pounds in the first two months and seemed contented and happy to be here. He was happy while he was in the bath, but when I started to dress him he set up a loud protest. He didn't like being handled so much so early in the morning. Of course it was away off schedule, just barely six o'clock. He didn't usually have his bath until ten.

But this morning we were going to town to wash and we had to get an early start. On the farm we had to haul our water and we didn't have electricity, so we took our clothes to town to wash, and we did our weekly shopping at the same time. Mary, my sister-in-law, who was our closest neighbor on the farm, always went with me. The butter was ready to take to the store, six lovely pounds of it. It wasn't easy to churn butter without any ice, even the first of September. I had got up at four o'clock to do the churning. Mary had taught me how to put the cream outside the night before and soak the churn all night in cold water. This morning it had really been almost cold, coming fall, I guessed.

But by six o'clock the sun was up, flooding the whole earth with glory. The air was fresh and there

was dew on the grass as I took the little tub containing Ernie's bath water out and poured it carefully on the burned spots on the lawn. That was the only way I could keep it alive between water turns.

Yes, I had started a lawn in spite of all the warnings I had received. It wasn't much of a lawn, only about twenty feet square, or maybe twenty-five, and still pretty shaggy, but it looked like heaven to me. I had worked hard that spring, carrying dirt in buckets from the old stackyard over on Joe's and Mary's place. I had put a layer of this mulch a good six inches deep all over the top of that darned clay, and yet it would still stick its white head out in places. Wherever it did, not a spear of grass would grow. I had talked Joe into watering his field that was next to ours at the first instead of the last of his water turn so I could put the waste water on the lawn and the garden and make the turns only one week, instead of two weeks apart. Of course I put the emphasis on the garden in my argument to persuade Joe. He thought I was plenty "highfalutin" anyhow. After I had once got the lawn started it would be easier, but this year it was lucky we had the baby and he had to be bathed every day, so the burned spots in the lawn got water.

But now Ernie was telling me very plainly that everything was not all right. He had not had his breakfast. Just like a man, always wanting to eat! But this little man was so sweet and warm as I took him to my breast, and so grateful and appreciative, too. Aren't babies the sweetest things! I nursed him while I ate my breakfast. Tom had eaten earlier and gone to work on the thresher.

I guess it was the bath that had upset Ernie's schedule, but for some reason or other he wouldn't eat and go to sleep as he usually did. Try as I would, he just wouldn't settle down. Well, he wasn't so heavy but what I could take him with me to catch Freckles. I put his hood on and a good-sized blanket around him and set forth through the stubbles.

Freckles may sound like a funny name for a horse, but he was a white horse with red freckles all over, so his name had to be Freckles. My father had given him to me in the spring. "He isn't so pretty to look at, but he is still a good horse and nice and gentle. You won't have any trouble starting him, or any flat tires, and he can eat grass for gasoline. Maybe that way we will get to see you a little oftener."

Freckles really had helped us out a lot for, although I had driven my father's car, it seemed like Tom's old Chev never did want to go when I did. The men couldn't leave their work, so Mary and I took old Freckles and went to town when we pleased. He was gentle as could be, and I could catch him anywhere and harness and unharness him easily. Although, I admit, when Tom or Joe was around, I could get pretty helpless in this respect.

This morning Freckles would be in the far field because we needed an early start, what with all we had

to do. But the sun turned the stubbles to gold and the meadow larks hailed me from the fence posts. Life is always good in the mornings. Freckles wasn't eating, but stood watching me approach from a distance. Someday I would teach him to come to me when I called and not just stand there.

He stood there all right until I was nearly to him, then he gave a snort and bolted off several yards and stood there looking at me as if I were some strange, frightening thing.

"Whoa, Freckles, whoa-a." I said soothingly, holding out the bridle with one hand and clutching Ernie with the other as I slowly edged closer.

He let me get nearly to him that time, then snorted indignantly and away he went again. I couldn't imagine what was the trouble, he had never acted that way before. This happened several times before it dawned on me that he was afraid of the baby. He wouldn't let me get close to him while I had the baby in my arms!

I pulled the blanket carefully under Ernie's head and arranged it so the sun would not shine in his eyes and laid him carefully on the ground between the rows of stubble. Then I approached the horse again.

"Whoa, Freckles, whoa."

He let me get nearly to him, then tossed his head, cut a circle out around me, and went at a full gallop straight for that baby. I turned faint and weak and stood there frozen with horror. I could just feel those great hoofs on my baby. That horse came within a few feet of where Ernie lay, snorted, and stopped with a jolt, and stood there pawing the ground and tossing his head. Somehow I was there with the bridle reins around his neck, pushing him back, beating on him with my bare hands while the tears streamed down my face.

Freckles just stood there while I grabbed the baby and held him close to me. Ernie was crying now and I soothed and comforted him as I took the bridle and led the now docile Freckles to the yard. I could hardly make it; my heart was beating like a trip hammer, my knees were made of water.

When I reached the yard Mary was waiting to help me harness the horse.

"What on earth is the matter? You look like you had been through the war. Are you sick?" Mary asked anxiously.

I told her as nearly as I could what had happened.

"Oh, my goodness, why didn't you bring the baby over to me while you caught the horse. You shouldn't carry him clear over there anyway."

"He isn't heavy, I just didn't think. But I never dreamed—what makes a horse act like that anyway? Freckles, you old rascal, you nearly scared me to death."

At last we were loaded and ready to start for town, our butter wrapped in a wet cloth and under the seat where the sun couldn't hit it, the bags of dirty clothes in the back of the buggy, and Ernie now sleeping peacefully on a pillow in a basket at our feet.

"Well, at last we are off. Seems like everything has gone wrong this morning. Mother will be wondering

(*Continued on page 38*)

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, January 1, and January 15, 1890

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER: It has fallen to my lot to labor in the Holy Land. The question here, as I see it, is to gain some foothold, first of all. That being done, a vast field lies before us. The Jews are gathering in thousands. Jaffa or Joppa is the place where the Prophet Jonah went on board a ship in order to escape his mission to Nineveh (Jonah 1:3). And here, Peter had the remarkable vision, which commissioned him to baptize Cornelius in Caesarea. The house where Peter lodged when he had this vision is still shown, and the roof of the house is reached on an ancient stair-case, leading from the yard of the house and to the top of it.—J. M. Sjodahl

NEW YEAR RESOLVE

We'll gladly welcome New Year's morn
With firm resolve of right,
And spend each leisure hour therein
With heart, and brain, and might;
In doing all the good we can,
By making sad hearts bright,
In scattering rays of sunshine
Some darkened home to light.

—Amelia White Farnsworth

NOTES AND NEWS: Robert Browning and Mrs. Browning were among the early advocates of equal rights for women in England, and while others are mourning for him as the great poet, the advocates of woman suffrage will sorrow for him also as the friend of women. So says the *Woman's Journal* and so say we.

John G. Whittier, the best beloved of all American poets, passed his eighty-second birthday on the 17th inst. at his home in Amesbury, warmed by the love of millions who are better for his having lived.

A GLANCE BACKWARD

Where now are those who sang the sweetest songs,
Or told such wondrous tales of land and sea?
Do they forget that past to which belongs
So much, that seemed a prophecy to be?
Ah me, what vigils, waking or in sleep,—
Tho' ever silent do our fancies keep.

SALT LAKE STAKE: The Quarterly Conference of the Relief Society of the Salt Lake Stake was held in the 14th Ward Assembly Rooms December 19, 1889. Pres. Geo. Q. Cannon addressed the assembly. "I feel I ought to speak in plainness upon the associations of young people before marriage; it is a wide field for your training. Chastity should be preserved as life, far better for a girl to die than lose her virtue, better is it for a man to die than injure a daughter of Eve. Long courtships are wrong, it leads to great evil. Create a public opinion against long courtships, and get a feeling of early marriages, it is a wrong idea for our girls to get, that they must have every luxury before marriage, love makes a desert place a palace."—E. Howard, Sec.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

TWO Utah girls, Mary Patricia Beal, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Beal of Richfield, and Mary Ethel Eccles, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Eccles, of Salt Lake City, are in Cairo, Egypt, and Beirut, Lebanon, respectively, working in the foreign service division of our national State Department. Miss Beal is doing secretarial work, while Miss Eccles is in charge of the Voice of America broadcasts, writing, directing, and acting in the radio presentations, all in French and Arabic. Luckily, she was able to fill the varied requirements: proficiency in the French language, graduation from college with a major in radio work, ability to type 100 words a minute. Her programs will cover everything from children's stories to intellectual political polemics. Both girls received months of special training in Washington before leaving.

SARAH DONEY HATCH, who died last September in Ririe, Idaho, was the last survivor of the handcart settlers of Franklin, Idaho. She was two years old when the settlement was made, and had spent most of her life since then in Franklin. So beloved was she by the people of Franklin that when all arrangements had been made for her burial in Ririe, the family received a petition signed by most of the citizens of Franklin asking that she be brought back there for interment. The family complied with the wishes of the community.

EXECUTIVE Director of the Children's Book Council in New York City is a former Utahn, Sybil V. Jacobson. This council sponsors National Book Week and Mrs. Jacobson originated the theme of the Week, "Make Friends with Books," as well as seventeen other publicity ideas. She corresponds with teachers, librarians, parents, and children, and hopes to increase last year's attendance of 25,000 children at the great New York Book Fair to 125,000 this year.

THE death of Marie Anderson Dorius, 88, in September, prevented the planned celebration with her husband, John Dorius, of their seventieth wedding anniversary in October. The couple were noted for their beautiful garden. Their daughter, Hazel D. Moyle, has written many articles about flowers in *The Relief Society Magazine* and for other publications as beautifully as she raises them.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 37 JANUARY 1950 NO. 1

Open the Book of the Year

EACH New Year is like an unopened book lying before us—a book in which all the pages are clear and white, awaiting the written words that will mark the coming days and weeks. On these pages, where now are only the intangibles —hope and expectation and wonder —there will be much written concerning our own decisions and accomplishments in all the ways over which we can exercise control; and there will be written further our reactions and our adjustments to those numerous events which we can neither bring to pass nor yet prevent their coming. Thus, all our activities and all our thoughts and emotions will be conditioned by our free agency within the span of the natural laws which were established with the earth's creation.

During the last century, and particularly during the last fifty years, much has happened which has caused many people to lose confidence in themselves and in their destiny. Some interpretations of scientific theories would lessen the stature of man and confuse the direction of his development. Certain social theories declare that the earth span is all of life and hence there is no necessity to consider the immortal soul. With no former home, and no future goal for aspiration, these theories maintain that man need consider only his adjustments here.

With all the communicative arts and sciences so highly developed as we find them today, there are none of us who can escape exposure to the ever-changing interpretations of life around us. Nor would we wish to be unaware of our environment nor unconcerned with the problems and perplexities of our time.

In the midst of conflicting theories, it is a comfort and an ever-present help to know that we are given prophetic direction for the conduct of our own lives and for our adjustment to the world as a whole. We may well believe with the poet who said: "What canst thou find with seeking which hath not long been found?" And this is true in the sense that codes of personal conduct have been upon the earth since the far-off beginnings. And these commandments and covenants have been given deeper meaning and more lofty significance by prophets and teachers over the centuries.

An integral part of the life pattern, giving it strength and depth and direction, is this realization that we know our pathway, in its larger aspects, and that there is always opportunity for improvement and development. There are none of us who live as fully as we know how to live, and we realize the truth of Wordsworth's lines:

Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither.

From *Intimations of Immortality*

V. P. C.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Relief Society Assigned Evening Meeting of Fast Sunday in March

THE Sunday night meeting to be held on Fast Day in March 1950, has been assigned by the First Presidency for use by the Relief Society.

Suggestive plans for this evening meeting are being prepared by the general board and will be sent to the stakes in bulletin form.

It is suggested that ward Relief Society presidents confer with their bishops immediately to arrange for this meeting.

Bound Volumes of 1949 Relief Society Magazines

RELIEF Society officers and members who wish to have their 1949 issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* bound may do so through the office of the General Board, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah. The cost for binding the twelve issues in a permanent cloth binding is $1.75, including the index. If the leather binding is preferred the cost is $2.75. If bound volumes are requested and the *Magazines* for binding are not supplied by the person making the request, the charge for furnishing the *Magazines* will be $1.50, which will be added to the cost of the binding, thus making the total cost for cloth-bound volumes $3.25 and for leather-bound volumes $4.25. Only a limited number of *Magazines* are available for binding.

It is suggested that wards and stakes have one volume of the 1948 *Magazines* bound for preservation in ward and stake Relief Society libraries.

Temporary Binders Available

SUBSTANTIAL temporary binders, into which single copies of the *Magazine* for one year may be inserted or removed at will, are available for $1.20 postpaid.

Award Subscriptions Presented In April

THE award subscriptions presented to *Magazine* representatives for having obtained 75 per cent or more subscriptions to the *Magazine* in relation to their enrolled Relief Society members, are not awarded until after the stake *Magazine* representatives' annual reports have been audited. Award cards for these subscriptions for the year 1949 will be mailed to ward and stake *Magazine* representatives about April 1, 1950.

DR. FLORENCE J. MADSEN

Photograph taken at the rehearsal of the Singing Mothers Chorus which furnished music for the Annual General Relief Society Conference, September 28 and 29, 1949.

Suggestive List of Songs for Singing Mothers

(Three-part unless otherwise specified)

Florence J. Madsen

Member, Relief Society General Board

SONGS FOR LADIES CHORUS

Title	*Composer and Number*	*Publisher*
My Heart Is a Silent Violin (easy range)	Fox-Andrews, No. C.M.5217	Carl Fischer
Jesus Our Lord We Adore Thee	James, No. 8870	G. Schirmer
Rain (easy range)	Russell, No. 3148	Chappell and Co.
Seek Ye the Lord	Roberts, No. 8938	G. Schirmer
A Song Remembered (easy range)	Goates, No. 3105	G. Schirmer
The Charm of Spring	Clarke, No. 3110	G. Schirmer
I Have a Rendezvous With Life	O'Hara, No. 3007	Frank Pallma Music Publishing Co.
Lover Come Back to Me	Romberg, No. 2H3003	Harms, Inc.
Send Forth Thy Spirit	Schuetky, No. 1075	Pro Arts
My Own America	Wrubel, No. R 2260 (three-part chorus)	Robbins Music Corp.

My Own America	Wrubel, No. R 2258 (two-part chorus)	Robbins Music Corp.
How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings	Liddle-Cain, No. 1758	Boosey-Hawkes
I Will Lift Mine Eyes	Spross, No. 35460	John Church Co.
I Do Not Ask, O Lord	Spross, No. 35103	John Church Co.
The Twenty-Third Psalm	Malotte, No. 9471 (three-part chorus)	G. Schirmer
The Twenty-Third Psalm	Malotte, No. 9470 (two-part chorus)	G. Schirmer
Voices of the Sky (Christmas)	Matthews, No. 9519	G. Schirmer
O Saviour of the World (good for Easter)	Goss, No. 9588	G. Schirmer
Send Out Thy Light	Gounod, No. 7858	G. Schirmer
The Birthday of a King (easy range)	Neidlinger, No. 8878 (three-part chorus)	G. Schirmer
The Birthday of a King (easy)	Neidlinger, No. 7246 (two-part chorus)	G. Schirmer
I Walked Today Where Jesus Walked	O'Hara, No. 8723 (three-part chorus)	G. Schirmer
I Walked Today Where Jesus Walked	O'Hara, No. 8933 (two-part chorus)	G. Schirmer

A Letter From Mother

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

I have let several days pass since receiving your wonderful letter, and it has not been entirely due to my busy hours. I have been thinking how to answer your question: "How can we teach our little children the right attitude toward life?"

I was almost immediately reminded of one of my friends, who has nearly achieved a doctor's degree in child and parental psychology. Her system in the training of children is to ask "Is that kind?" All else is subject to that one scrutiny. If it is a kind thing to do, that is sufficient cause for doing it. No other correction is given so that, hearing that searching remark constantly, the little folks begin to make their own decisions based upon the thought "Is it kind?" If so, the act is justified.

I believe it applies to most human behavior. If we train ourselves in the philosophy of kindness to others, we are safe. Once we have mastered the art of being kind, it should be easier for us to mold ourselves to the beautiful pattern of life which the Lord has given to us.

I hope this answers your question satisfactorily, because I believe it is an idea that wears well, and can bear studying.

Perhaps that would be a good New Year's resolution—or are you making a list this year as you used to do when you were here at home? One of my most treasured memories is the sight of busy fingers writing pages of resolutions. Remember?

What treasures you were—you are. You have brought me so much happiness.

My New Year's wish for you is that your own dear children will bring you the same joy and satisfaction that you have given to me. I love you.

MOTHER
Clara Horne Park

Suggestions for a Work Meeting Luncheon

Christine Eaton

SANDWICH SPREAD

(Makes about 50 sandwiches)

2 cans corned beef or any pressed loaves of meat
½ tsp. pepper
3 tbsp. prepared horse radish
2 tbsp. prepared mustard
salad dressing

Grind corned beef, add pepper, horse radish, and mustard and enough salad dressing to make a good paste. I find that in making a spread out of meat it goes much farther than just to slice the meat.

APPLE, CELERY, AND RAISIN SALAD

(Serves 50)

4 qts. cut apples
1½ qts. cut celery
3 cups raisins
½ cup lemon juice
½ tsp. salt
1 tsp. paprika
1½ cups salad oil
2 tbsp. sugar

Stew raisins slowly in as little water as possible until plump and tender, but not mushy, then drain and save liquid. Beat together oil, seasoning, lemon, and sugar and six or eight tablespoons of raisin water. Peel apples, quarter, and slice crosswise. The slices should be thick enough not to break. Cut celery in quarter-inch slices. Marinate apples and celery in oil mixture and let stand thirty minutes, drain, add raisins. Serve on shredded lettuce with mayonnaise dressing to which whipped cream has been added. Dates may be used instead of raisins. They need not be cooked.

GUMDROP BARS

(Makes about 40 cookies)

2 cups sifted flour
1 tsp. cinnamon
¼ tsp. salt
3 eggs
2 cups brown sugar
¼ cup evaporated milk
1 cup soft gumdrops (omit licorice)
½ cup chopped nut meats

Sift flour, salt, and cinnamon together. Beat eggs until light and beat in sugar and milk gradually, then add the flour mixture in thirds, beating until smooth after each addition; add gumdrops and nuts, spread in a greased pan, and bake in oven at 325° F. for 35 minutes. Cut into bars 1 x 3 inch. Spread tops with frosting and decorate with pieces of gumdrops.

FROSTING

Confectioners Icing

2 cups confectioners sugar
1 tbsp. melted butter
3 to 4 tbsp. cream
1 tsp. vanilla

Blend the ingredients thoroughly, using enough cream to make the icing easy to spread. Spread over the cookies while they are still slightly warm.

Dark in the Chrysalis

(Continued from page 26)

day, when her true feelings had tumbled out in words. Maybe it would be better just to ignore this morning's episode.

Half-heartedly, Edith opened the paper to the want ads. Everything in her rebelled against the thought of trusting herself into the workaday world, where the tides of life run ruthlessly swift. Sliding her fingers down the column was more a gesture of self-pity than a sincere seeking. Housekeepers, waitresses, and saleswomen seemed to be the only openings, none of them suited to her.

As she was laying the paper aside, her eyes caught one item: "Wanted: Companion for aged lady. Very little to do. Comfortable room with salary."

Well, a job like that would certainly solve the difficulty, providing one wanted it. Edith didn't. Since the "Women Want Work" column was twice as long as "Help Wanted, Female," this plum would long since have been plucked, anyway. Nevertheless, to salve her conscience, to say she had tried, she went to the telephone and dialed the number listed. A man's voice answered.

Edith summoned her sweetest voice and said, "My name is Edith Ashe, Mrs. Marvin Ashe. I am calling in answer to your advertisement."

She was prepared for a flood of questions, or to be told that the position was filled. Instead, his breath came out in relief. "Mrs. Marvin Ashe? I'm so glad you called. No one else has called yet, and I was getting desperate. I have to leave for Chicago at nine o'clock in the morning. Can you be here at eight? Call a cab and come to 1218 North Walnut. I'll pay your fare. Can you do that?"

"I guess so. Yes," said Edith hesitatingly.

"Fine! I'll depend upon that," he said, and hung up.

Edith stood by the telephone, undecided whether to call him back and refuse this preposterous arrangement. What kind of man would hire a person without question? She would call him, yes—later. Now she could still feel the urgency of his voice.

She went upstairs to look over her clothes and toilet articles—just in case, her knees feeling peculiarly weak and her head light with unreality. Kit would make short work of this silliness.

* * * *

"Well, mother. you just can't do it," declared Kit matter-of-factly when she told them at dinner. Annette's eyes widened apprehensively and sought Kit's. Kit nodded slightly. "What's his number? I'll call him now."

"I've left the poor man depending upon me. No doubt he's told other applicants the place is filled. Of course I shall go."

Annette's eyes filled with tears. "Mother," she said, "I've hoped all day that you didn't hear me this morning. I'm so ashamed, and so sorry. That's it, isn't it?"

(To be continued)

You Can Learn

(*Continued from page 29*)

what has happened to us. She always has the water boiling and is ready to start by the time I get there," I said as I guided Freckles through the lane gate.

"Mother does, too; she is such an early riser," Mary assented. "We don't get done any too early, though, and I have to go around the ward for the Relief Society this afternoon."

"Mother has to go, too. She won't be there to worry about me overdoing if I get part of my ironing done while I am down there where I can use the electric iron. She always says I try to kill myself in one day, but I just love to iron with the electric iron. I guess I'm spoiled. She doesn't like me to take the baby's clothes in, a piece here and there as they dry and spoil the looks of her beautiful lines, either," I sighed.

"Well, there is one thing about driving Freckles," Mary said, with her usual optimism, "we can take the short cut and cross the river. It is just about as quick that way with the horse as it is the other way in the car."

"Yes, and that way we come into the east part of town and don't have to be seen on Main Street with this outfit," I teased.

Mary didn't like to be seen driving the horse. She said we and the two old ladies from Scrabble Flats were the only ones who had to go to town in a buggy.

Well, I knew a lot of farm women who didn't get to town unless they waited for their men folks to take them. At least Freckles got us there.

"Yes, there or someplace," Mary chuckled, reminding me of the time when he took the bit between his teeth and took us right up over the railroad tracks.

We had a good laugh remembering that, although it wasn't funny at the time.

"There isn't much water left in the river this time of the year is there?" I asked dreamily as my eyes wandered appreciatively over the view of the valley before us. Freckles took advantage of me, as usual, and took a short cut up over the bank, very nearly upsetting the whole outfit.

"You'll have to quit daydreaming," Mary said, a trifle reprovingly, as she pushed the pans of butter back under the seat. "How many pounds did you get today?"

"Six. That's two dollars and forty cents. I'll have enough to get that new strainer today. I don't need so many groceries," I answered absently as I watched the clouds sailing happily in the deep blue sky. "They're the kind of clouds my father says spell rain. Hope we get our clothes dry first. Guess we better hurry."

Rain it did. Not till afternoon, and we had our clothes in and dry, but how it did rain! The clouds, which had looked so gay and carefree in the morning, turned black and threatening. It looked like a regular cloudburst off to the east of town. Our buggy didn't have any top, so we were obliged to wait

until the storm had passed before we started home.

The sun had gone down before we left, but the cool air was a treat and we weren't afraid of the dark. That is, we weren't afraid of ordinary dark, but the clouds settled back low over the sky and it soon became so dark that we had to let Freckles find the road for himself. This he seemed perfectly capable of doing, so we let him take his time. The air was thick with blackness and soft and warm. Ernie was sleeping peacefully in his basket in the front of the buggy. We were tired and maybe a little sleepy.

Suddenly Freckles stopped with his usual snort and a jerk, which brought us to attention in a second. It was so dark that we couldn't see what it was all about, but we could see that we were in the bend of the road where a small irrigation ditch usually drained some waste water into what had once been a big wash and which still came too close to the road for comfort even in the daytime. The roadway was really wide enough, though; we had crossed it many times. Now we could hear water running and surmised that the storm had probably swollen the little stream until Freckles hesitated to cross. I urged him gently forward, but he refused to cross, jerking forward a little, then backing up and turning sidewise until the buggy was at a dangerous angle. I backed him up and straightened the buggy, then tightened the lines and urged him forward with determination.

We just had to get home; it looked like it might rain again any moment.

Freckles finally lurched forward into the blackness and we were nearly thrown from our seat. I grabbed Ernie's basket in time to save it from the swirling water. The water was clear up to the floor of the buggy and Freckles was fighting furiously to hold a footing. The rear wheel on my side must have been over the caving side of the wash. Finally, with a great lurch, Freckles dragged the buggy to safety.

I guess it couldn't have taken a minute in all, or we would have gone down that great wash with the flooding waters. But it seemed like hours as I clung to that basket and prayed desperately.

After it was all over and Freckles stood trembling on the other side, and our hearts quieted enough for us to hear, we realized just what we had been saved from. The rain, which had looked so black in the hills east of town, must have brought out a flood and it had followed its old track down to the wash. As we listened to its growing roar, we heard a great thud and splash as another piece of the bank caved into the wild stream below.

Humbly I started Freckles again on the homeward road and as we faced the blackness, I realized that he had more sense than I had. He had known better than to try to cross that stream.

Ernie had wakened and I took him in my arms and held him close to me for the second time that day.

"Oh, thanks, dear God," I silently prayed, "for saving my baby a second time this day. I'll try, I'll try to learn faster."

Support the March of Dimes

Basil O'Connor

President, National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, Inc.*

THROUGH the years, summer in the United States always has been marked by outbreaks of infantile paralysis. And every winter we have come to expect a successful fund-raising campaign to meet the needs of those affected.

The March of Dimes campaign, enthusiastically supported by magazines as well as by the press and radio in the past, has always raised enough to take care of the polio situation. In 1949, for example, although fewer than a hundred persons contributed more than a thousand dollars, the money rolled in . . . . dimes from the millions.

However, this summer saw more than outbreaks of polio. There was a widespread, nationwide epidemic, with more cases than ever before in our history. All resources of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis were pressed into service. The organization's epidemic treasury was emptied.

Now the bills for the epidemic's aftermath pile up; bills for the treatment of the crippled, those still in hospitals, those who must be rehabilitated, bills to be paid without curtailing the training of medical personnel and scientific research to find a preventative. But funds to pay all of these bills are lacking. And we have no way of knowing how many more cases there will be next year.

We face a possible crisis in polio that will menace every man, woman, and child in the United States unless, this winter, the March of Dimes takes in more money than ever before. Your readers must know the need. That is why I ask that you call the situation to your readers' attention.

*Excerpts from a letter to *The Relief Society Magazine*.

Night

Gene Romolo

Night steps from wraith-like realms of dusk,
On silent, slippered feet;
Dew gems glisten in her hair,
Her breath is cool and sweet;
And in her soft, dark mantle's folds,
Hides mystery, strange and deep,
That brings her greatest gift to man,
Beneficence of sleep.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1948, page 274.

RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS, BAZAARS, AND OTHER ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Elder Kenneth H. Anderson

BRITISH MISSION (SCOTTISH DISTRICT) AIRDRIE BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR, September 23, 1949

Elder Anderson writes: "The bazaar was held in order to raise sufficient funds to pay a 100 per cent assessment on the new Relief Society home in Salt Lake City. Through the diligence of all our Relief Society members, the purpose was fulfilled. Much help was also given freely by the other auxiliaries and a few earnest investigators. Articles, such as aprons, tablecloths, scarves, baby clothes, hot pads, and a quilt were sold. Also, a table was set aside for home baking. Honored guests from London, for the evening, were President and Sister Boyer, who were very much impressed with the large gathering and the success of the sale. Sister Boyer officially opened the sale and it was only a short while until the tables were bare. Immediately after the sale a program was held, presenting a few highlights of Scottish dances. This bazaar was a great success and, in addition to everything else, was a very effective means of proselyting of the gospel."

Gladys S. Boyer is president of the British Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Maurine Nelson

STAR VALLEY STAKE (WYOMING), AUBURN WARD, FIVE RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

Seated, left to right: Amelia H. Hillyard; Elizabeth C. Johnson. Standing left to right: Mable H. Lehmberg; Estelle S. Orton; Ada W. Hillyard. These five presidents have served the society for the past thirty-five years.

Nellie B. Jensen is the president of Star Valley Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Leola Crook

EMERY STAKE (UTAH), EMERY WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

Front row, seated, left to right: Laverne Albrechtsen (1932-34; Adelaide Brinkerhoff (1934-39); Rose Broderick (1939-41); Wynona Olsen (1941-44).

Back row, standing, left to right: Olene Andersen (1944-46); Georgina Andersen (1946-47); Ella Maxfield (1947-48); Leola M. Crook (1948-).

This photograph was taken March 19, 1949, at the Anniversary Day party, honoring all past presidents. Nine of the sixteen presidents are still living. Oldest in office, and missing from the picture, is Lucinda Williams, who is working in the Salt Lake Temple.

Orlinda N. Ware is president of Emery Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Ada Lindquist

WEBER STAKE (UTAH), WASHINGTON TERRACE BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS AT THEIR FIRST MEETING IN THE NEW CHAPEL

Left to right: President Joan Moser; First Counselor Lula Ellis; Second Counselor Edna Buttars; Secretary-Treasurer Aurelia Bosely.

Ada Lindquist is president of Weber Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Bessie Dahl

NORTH DAVIS STAKE (UTAH), WEST POINT WARD, FORMER RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENT HONORED AT SOCIAL, July 12, 1949

Bessie Dahl, present president of the West Point Ward Relief Society, congratulates Sister Comfort E. Flinder, eighty-eight, the oldest living former president of the ward Relief Society. She became president in 1906 and served for over twelve years.

Pearl W. Burton is president of North Davis Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Ivie H. Jones

SPANISH-AMERICAN MISSION, FRESNO (CALIFORNIA) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS ASSEMBLED AT WORK MEETING

Front row, left to right: Refugio Antillon, organist; Luisa Hernandez, First Counselor; Teresa Pratt, chorister; Ascencion B. Carrillo (shown with scissors in her hand), President; Maria Castillo, Second Counselor; Josephine Ortiz, work director.

Standing at the back, right: Magdelena Ruiz, Secretary.

In 1942, Sister Carrillo was set apart as president of a four-member Relief Society, three of whom belonged to one family. The membership has now increased to fifteen and it is not at all uncommon to have as many non-members of the Church as members in attendance at the meetings. Nearly all of the present officers have had considerable experience in positions of leadership and responsibility in other branches. A beautiful spirit of co-operation and sisterly affection is evident among the members of this society and they are looking forward to the time when they will have a place in which to meet in the new chapel which is being planned for this branch.

Ivie H. Jones is president of the Spanish-American Mission Relief Society.

SMITHFIELD STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS HONORED AT OPENING SOCIAL, September 27, 1949

At this social President Alta C. Allen gave a tribute to the Singing Mothers who had furnished the music for two sessions of the stake conference, under the able direction of chorister Eunice Ravsten and organist Sara Heggie. The theme of the program given at the social was: "Yea, the song of the righteous is a prayer unto me."

The role of the Singing Mothers was dramatized in three parts:

1. In the home
2. In social meetings
3. In the community

There are seven wards in the stake and each ward president presented each of the Singing Mothers in her ward a corsage of home-grown flowers.

Alta C. Allen is president of Smithfield Stake.

Photograph submitted by Madge P. Fowler

PASADENA STAKE (CALIFORNIA) RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS ASSEMBLED FOR THEIR CLOSING SOCIAL, May 27, 1949

Front row, left to right: First Counselor Ida Cannon; President Madge P. Fowler; Second Counselor Lily Davis; Secretary-Treasurer, Ethel Gunson.

Back row, left to right: Agnes Heath; Adele Bird; Mary Snyder; Nellie McLeod; Minnie McKeon; Olive Talley; Sadie Liebig; LaVer Millard. Clara Hunter was not present at the time the photograph was taken.

The theme of this unique party was "This year's fashions on last year's budget." The models displayed many lovely made-over articles of clothing for men, women, and children. There was also a display of exceptionally beautiful handwork and quilts made for the welfare assignment, some of which can be seen in the background of the picture. Each member of the stake board made an attractive apron from a man's shirt. These aprons are being modeled in the picture.

Madge P. Fowler is president of Pasadena Stake Relief Society.

Photograph by Glenn West, submitted by Hattie Shurtz

ST. JOSEPH STAKE (ARIZONA), THATCHER WARD SINGING MOTHERS ASSEMBLED FOR THEIR CONCERT, June 23, 1949

Ward President Lela Udall is shown fifth from the left on the second row.

The director is Marie Farley and the organist Bernice Stowell.

Hattie Shurtz, President, St. Joseph Stake Relief Society, reports that the Singing Mothers of Thatcher Ward have given continuous service for thirteen years. Their first concert, presented June 23, 1949, was very much enjoyed by a large audience.

SWEDISH MISSION, GOTEBORG RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS AND THE LOOM WHICH THEY RECENTLY PURCHASED

Left to right: Anna Sjoholm; Maria Bohlin; Hilma Malmberg.

In reporting from her mission a year ago, former president of the Swedish Mission Relief Society, Ethel E. Blomquist wrote: "Everything is fine here in the Swedish Mission. The weather is very mild and lovely. We have had no snow to speak of yet (January 18, 1949.) At Christmas time we were picking roses outside. I am so thankful for the wonderful opportunity I have had of working with the women in the Swedish Mission. I have learned to love them very much."

Annie B. Johnson is the present president of the Swedish Mission Relief Society.

BEAR LAKE STAKE (IDAHO) SPONSORS HOBBY SHOW

A July hobby show, which included many unique exhibits, was sponsored by Bear Lake Stake Relief Society, under direction of the work meeting leader, Sister Gilgen. In the hall was a cleverly dressed dummy representing a person without a hobby. Skills and arts represented included crochet work, hairpin lace doilies, quilts, knitted sweaters, needlepoint, embroidery work, textile painting, hand-painted pictures, free-hand sketches, wall plaques, figurines, a collection of vases and flowers, plastic and nylon lamp shades, wood carvings, baby dresses, children's clothing, scrapbooks, and some very special laces collected by Lizzie Welker on her trip to Europe. The three rooms full of beautiful work indicated that there are not many women in Bear Lake Stake without a hobby.

Clarissa Ward is president of Bear Lake Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Adriana M. Zappey

NETHERLANDS MISSION, ROTTERDAM DISTRICT RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS ASSEMBLED AT CONFERENCE August 23, 1949

Sister Adriana M. Zappey, President, Netherlands Mission Relief Society, reports that in each of the seven districts in her mission great progress has been made. "Singing Mothers groups have been organized in all the districts, and at the Relief Society conferences, held semi-annually in each district, these songsters contributed much to the spirit of the meeting." Assisting Sister Zappey in the Relief Society work are the following sisters: Maatje M. D. Schouten; Elizabeth Muyer; Willemiena Wedemeyer; Maria A. van Zeben."

Photograph submitted by Lola M. Shumway

PHOENIX STAKE (ARIZONA), MARICOPA INDIAN RELIEF SOCIETY WOMEN MAKING A QUILT

At right end of the quilt, seated, facing the camera: LaSalle Sundust, the first convert in this branch.

In rear, seated: Brother Harry Sundust and daughter Marion, with baby, also members of the branch.

Lola M. Shumway is president of Maricopa Stake Relief Society.

Theology—The Life and Ministry of the Savior

Lesson 23—"The Close of Our Lord's Public Ministry"

Elder Don B. Colton

(Reference: *Jesus the Christ*, Chapter 31, by Elder James E. Talmage)

For Tuesday, April 4, 1950

Objective: To convince the prayerful student that Jesus is the Lord, by a careful analysis of his masterly teaching during the period which closed his public ministry.

A Conspiracy of Pharisees and Herodians

IT is necessary to recall conditions in Jerusalem during the period we are about to study. The Jewish authorities were all united in their efforts to take the life of Jesus. He knew that. He knew that the cross awaited him within a few days and that the words he spoke would be quoted for centuries yet to come. He was pleading for the salvation of God's children everywhere. He knew the hearts of his opponents. The Pharisees were counseling as to "how they might entangle him in his talk" (Matt. 22:15). They joined with their own enemies—the Herodians—in an attempt to find some infringement of either the Jewish or Roman law on which they could charge Jesus with disloyalty. A delegation of men who had not appeared against him was chosen to work out the plan. They sought to entangle him in his talk. This hypocritical group came asking the question:

> . . . Master, we know that thou art true, and teachest the way of God in truth, neither carest thou for any man: for thou regardest not the person of men. Tell us therefore, What thinkest thou? Is it lawful to give tribute unto Caesar, or not? (Matt. 22:16-17).

The student will see at once how subtle and adroit were the questions. These spies used flattering words in paying tribute to the Lord's courage. However, they had chosen, with evil craftiness, the manner of approach for there was nothing more offensive to the Jews than paying poll tax to the Romans. They thought Jesus was in a dilemma and would offend either the Jews or Romans whichever way he answered. "But Jesus perceived their wickedness, and said, Why tempt ye me, ye hypocrites?" Then calling for a Roman coin, ". . . he saith unto them, Whose is this image and superscription?" They could only reply, "Caesar's." ". . . Then saith he unto them, Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's" (Matt. 22:18-21). That saying has become an aphorism almost everywhere. The Pharisees and Herodians were silenced by the

wisdom of the Lord's reply to their crafty questions. Caesar should be given the coins upon which his image was stamped but "God should be given the souls that bear his image." The king of Israel had no earthly ambition; his mission was to save souls.

Sadducees Question About the Resurrection

The Sadducees then took their turn in trying to entrap the Lord. They did not believe in the resurrection and framed their question to discredit that doctrine. They said unto him:

> Master, Moses said, If a man die, having no children, his brother shall marry his wife, and raise up seed unto his brother. Now there were with us seven brethren: and the first, when he had married a wife, deceased, and, having no issue, left his wife unto his brother: Likewise the second also, and the third, unto the seventh. And last of all the woman died also. Therefore in the resurrection whose wife shall she be of the seven? for they all had her (Matt. 22:24-28).

They had stated a case coming within the provision of the Mosaic law.

The writer of these lessons believes that the incident itself sustains a great principle of the gospel, as revealed in this day. The enemies of the Lord were all trying to "entangle him in his talk." If he had not been talking to them on the principle of the eternity of the marriage covenant, why the question and why the answer? They evidently had understood he was talking of marriage or why did they ask "in the resurrection whose wife shall she be?" Then note his answer: ". . . Ye do err, not knowing the scriptures, nor the power of God" [the Priesthood]. Then he continued: "For in the resurrection they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven" (Matt. 22:29-30). They had been married under the law of Moses. That did not give the "power to bind on earth and it should be bound in heaven." Marriage is an earthly ordinance and must be performed on earth *under the authority of the Holy Priesthood to be binding in heaven.* In the case considered, if the woman had been sealed the wife of one of the brothers for eternity, she would, of course, have been the wife of that brother.

The Savior then touched upon the resurrection in such a way as to completely silence the Sadducees. They pretended to be followers of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, yet they rejected the doctrine that those worthy men would be resurrected. When Jesus said: "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living," it was a direct assault on their contention and was unanswerable. In fact, certain of the scribes approved the statement of the Savior, saying ". . . Master, thou hast well said" (Luke 20:39).

The Great Commandment

The Pharisees again tried to discomfit the Lord. A scribe of that sect asked: "Which is the first commandment of all?" That was a much debated question among the Jews. The answer of Jesus was prompt and impressive:

> . . . The first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel; The Lord our God is one Lord: And thou shalt love the Lord thy

God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: this is the first commandment. And the second is like, namely this, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these (Mark 12:29-31).

It was a comprehensive summary of the "law and the prophets." It was beautiful and sound. (The rabbis had worked out over six hundred commandments of the ceremonial and moral law.)

Jesus Turns Questioner

All of the sects and individuals had utterly failed in their attempts to find any lawful charge which they could file against Jesus. He then "turned the tables" and became the interrogator. He asked the Pharisees:

. . . What think ye of Christ? whose son is he? They say unto him, The Son of David. He saith unto them, How then doth David in spirit call him Lord, saying, The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand, till I make thine enemies thy footstool? If David then call him Lord, how is he his son? (Matt. 22:42-45).

The Jews believed in the coming of a Messiah who would be of the lineage of David, but an earthly king. The Lord said that David's song of praise (110 Psalm) was inspired by the Holy Ghost (Mark 12:36).

Jesus the Christ is of the physical lineage of David. However, "He was Jehovah, Lord and God, before David, Abraham, or Adam was known on earth." Do not his teachings proclaim him a God?

Wicked Scribes and Pharisees Denounced

The Lord became more aggressive as he talked of the unworthy representatives of the chosen people. They had completely transgressed the laws and changed the everlasting covenants of the Lord. He denounced the teachers of the false doctrine and the so-called officers of the law in so far as their evil examples would lead the people astray. His disciples were to observe the law but not to follow the evil works of the officials. He made a clear distinction between observance of law and following evil example. Wickedness was not condoned in any one, no matter how high the position held. "Inordinate vanity and irreverent assumption of excessive piety" on the part of rabbis, scribes, and Pharisees were all condemned. He taught against titles given to men to feed their vanity. There is only one master, Christ, and only one Father—our Father in heaven.

Those whom Jesus had called to carry on the work of the Church he had founded were not to seek for titles or the honors of men. They were to render the greatest possible service to the Lord and the people over whom they presided. Jesus said:

But he that is greatest among you shall be your servant. And whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased; and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted (Matt. 23:11-12).

Before closing his public ministry Jesus made a scathing denunciation of the rulers of the Jews. It is doubtful if more scorching invectives were

ever uttered. We have space for only a few of them. "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers: therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation." The Pharisees he condemned for making proselytes and then making them "twofold more the child of hell," than they themselves were. They were blind guides and blind leaders. Always he called them hypocrites (Matt. 23:13-36). They were sticklers for unimportant matters but ignored the weightier things such as judgment, mercy, and love. He called them serpents, and vipers and asked, "how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" It was truly a case of righteous indignation.

The Lord's Lamentation Over Jerusalem

He must have been filled with profound sorrow when he looked over the recreant city of Jerusalem and uttered his touching lamentation. Its temple was to be destroyed. He no longer referred to it as "his house" but said "your house" which he said would be left desolate. This was all fulfilled about thirty years later during the great war with the Romans.

A Widow's Gift

Jesus left the open courts of the temple and went toward the treasury, where great wealth had been accumulated. He saw a poor widow who dropped into one of the treasury chests what to us would be less

THE WIDOW'S MITE From a painting by Bida

than half a cent. It was her all. Jesus said unto his disciples:

> . . . Verily I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast into the treasury: For all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living (Mark 12:43-44).

Elder Talmage states:

> In the accounts kept by the recording angels, figured out according to the arithmetic of heaven, entries are made in terms of quality rather than quantity, and values are determined on the basis of capability and intent.

The widow gave all; great will be her reward.

Christ's Final Withdrawal From the Temple

It is noted with sadness that while the Savior was giving his many discourses in the temple during the first half of his final week on earth, many people, including some of the rulers, were converted. They believed him to be the Son of God, but they could not bring themselves to join his Church openly. "For they loved the praise of men more than the praise of God" (John 12:43). Jesus again solemnly proclaimed that he spoke not for himself but always for his Father.

Destruction of the Temple Predicted

As Jesus was departing from the temple, he made an unqualified prophecy of the utter destruction of the temple.

The Lord's public ministry was probably brought to a close with his final departure from the temple on the Tuesday of that last week.

Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. Describe the events leading to the utterance by the Lord of the aphorism: "Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's."
2. Relate the incident of the Sadducees trying to confuse the Lord on the doctrine of the resurrection.
3. What were some of the woes pronounced upon the Pharisees, Sadducees and scribes?
4. What lesson can we learn from the story of the widow's gift?

References in the Four Gospels

Matt. 5:33-37; 22:15-46; 23; 24:1, 2.
Mark 3:6; 8:15; 12:13-44; 13:1, 2.
Luke 11:44; 20:19-28, 41-47; 21:5-6; 23:2.
John 7:49; 12:42-50.

Winter

Grace Sayre

The streams no longer run on endless errands,
The sun is miserly with summer's gold,
Snow has sealed the lips of birch and willow;
The year is old.

Visiting Teacher Messages—Our Savior Speaks

Lesson 7—"Nevertheless Not My Will, But Thine, Be Done" (Luke 22:42)

Mary Grant Judd

For Tuesday, April 4, 1950

Objective: To help us accept life as it comes, and not to lose faith during adversity.

THERE are two phases involved in doing the will of God. The larger and more comprehensive was referred to in the perfect prayer when our Savior said: "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven" (Matt. 6:10). Here a united effort of all mankind will bring about the desired result. It will come by keeping the commandments of God.

The second phase is a purely personal one in which each individual accepts the will of God with respect to the events of his own life.

Accepting God's will is not always easy. Our vision is limited. Often we distinguish but part of the scene that is our earth life. We see things in the light of time, but God is dealing with us for both time and eternity. Often our selfish desires obscure the larger vision. It is hard for us to admit that trials may become benefits.

When we are able to say with sincerity "Not my will, but thine, be done" (Luke 22:42), we have gone far on the road to perfection. We are placing our lives in the keeping of our Heavenly Father and acknowledging our inability always to know what is for our own best good. There may be purpose behind the seeming obstacles that we cannot comprehend. Have you not looked back upon some trying experience through which you have been called to pass, and which you would have shunned had it been possible, and admitted that it has brought you soul-growth? If we can accept with good humor the small irritations of our daily lives, we shall develop patience. Physical hardship will give us endurance. Out of suffering comes understanding of the trials of others and love for them. If we are misunderstood and try not to feel hurt, we develop tolerance for others. And so it goes on and on, as we meet the problems of life from day to day.

Accepting God's will in all things will bring abiding satisfaction and peace to the soul.

Well-Seasoned

Thelma Ireland

Most folks prefer a mild, warm clime
For many varied reasons,
But I will trade that comfort for
The drama of the seasons.

Work Meeting—Sewing

Children's Clothing

(A Course for Optional Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 7—Coats and Snowsuits

Jean Ridges Jennings

For Tuesday, April 11, 1950

SINCE coats and snowsuits are the most expensive items in a child's wardrobe, making them at home can effect the greatest saving. Making a coat takes extra care and time, but the effort spent on such a project is worth while.

In most cases, the first consideration in making these garments is warmth, but this does not necessarily call for heavy fabrics. Contrary to the common idea, some of the warmest outfits are surprisingly light in weight and some of the heaviest are not warm at all. Too much weight is depressing to a child and drags on his shoulders so that it may affect his posture. Fabrics should not irritate the skin at necks and wrists.

Coats and winter playsuits, more than any other garments, must be durable. They are naturally subjected to dirt and grime which would ruin any but strong, closely woven fabrics.

Insist on having material so thoroughly shrunk that it is guaranteed to keep its original shape and size. Only fabrics of colors that are fast to light are practical, since these articles are always worn out of doors.

Colors should be gay, becoming, and pleasing to the youngsters who will wear them. Brighter or neutral colors do not soil so readily as do dark colors. Bright shades have the added advantage of being more readily seen and, hence, a safeguard against accidents.

Special finishes that are added to make materials water-repellent and windproof are desirable in climates where there is much snow. Sometimes fabrics are available that have been treated for water-repellency. If not, cleaners can treat the finished garment to add this feature.

In making children's coats, tailor them as carefully as you would a garment for a grown person. By doing this they will retain their shape and look better longer. Cut interfacings always to strengthen the front edges and to give them more body. Reinforce front edges and armhole seams with tape so they will be more sturdy and hold their shape better. Always use backing or reinforcement for pockets and buttonholes to insure against having them tear out.

For winter, a wool interlining is advisable. Light weight wool material made expressly for this purpose is best. An easy way to cut and sew interlinings is to baste the cut-out lining, right side up, onto the interlining, cut out, and then sew them together as one.

One idea for a child's coat is to

have a warm lining that zips or snaps into the coat. For milder days the coat is worn without the lining. When weather becomes colder, the lining can easily be put into the coat for added warmth. These linings are made by the same pattern as the coat itself and finished off on a line where the coat facing ends. This plan does away with the necessity of having an extra coat for spring and fall.

Literature—The Literature of England

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

Lesson 7—Some Seventeenth Century Poets

For Tuesday, April 18, 1950

OUR text includes selections from the works of twelve seventeenth century English poets. Since only a fraction of these can be presented in our limited space, we can do little more than point out important trends and illustrate them with a few poems.

Here we must recall that *great* literature does not deserve this supreme adjective merely because it is applied by some professor or critic. Before literature can be remembered and loved (both vital preliminaries to permanence) it must be adopted through periods of time by numberless readers. Because here we are so limited, it seems the wise procedure for each teacher to read carefully and aloud all the poems available in our text, and then teach those which appeal most compellingly to her own mind and heart. "Only the spirit can teach," and if you do not know and love any fact or truth, how can it be endearingly valuable to you? How can you hope to create understanding and love in others if first you have not made these values your own?

In a work left uncompleted at his death, John Donne wrote significantly:

> Who'er thou beest that readest this sullen writ,
> Which just so much courts thee as thou dost it,
> Let me arrest thy thoughts . . . .

The difficult, almost mythical, process of communicating to the reader the intent and personality of great literature can be accomplished most successfully if the reader, so far as possible, rises to receive it on the same high plane in which it was written. Before our thoughts are ready to be arrested by the poems themselves, we might well prepare ourselves by briefly discussing the turmoils and problems of the violent seventeenth century as they shaped the minds and emotions of its poets. (See text, pp. 564-578, 581.)

The seventeenth century was a period of extremes in the history of English literature. It was the century of Shakespeare's greatest plays, the King James version of the Bible, the century of Bacon and Milton.

Politically, also, it was a period of extremes and expansion. It saw the Pilgrims leave England for Holland and America, the Civil War in England, the beheading of Charles I, the brief heyday of Puritan domination, the Restoration of the Stuarts to the English throne, and, toward its close, the introduction of parliamentary government through the Declaration of Rights.

Thus we see in this period, social, political, and religious revolt. The accompanying revolution in poetry was led by two brilliant and courageous men: Ben Jonson and John Donne (rhymes with sun). In addition to being friends who admired each other's work, the two had much in common. Both were strong-minded, independent, opposed to the former literary traditions. Both were forceful orators and both were satirists. Both hated vigorously what they felt to be the artificial poetry of chivalry and the recent past. To them the dreamy sighings of a lovesick poet for the charms of an imaginary lady-love were silly imitations of current French and Italian literature, which paid far too much honor to formal patterns of expression. These strong individuals condemned the recent poetry because it was so shallow and formal as to be untrue.

Ben Jonson (1573-1637)

Ben Jonson was one of the foremost literary dictators in English history. He was of humble birth but became one of the most learned men of his time. James I made him "King's Poet," which post later became poet laureate. Always his enemies were ignorance, hypocrisy, and pride. In his superior dramatic works he was the contemporary and rival of Shakespeare himself. It is said that Dickens liked his comedies better than any others of the Elizabethan period because "his figures were etched in acid"—he individualized them brilliantly. He labored to replace the imagination and sentiment of the romantic style with the dignity and honesty of realism. His poetry is solidly reasoned, lyrical, and made with care and craftsmanship. The purity of his lyrical verse is familiar in his simple, immortal "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes." The truth of reality is expertly caught in:

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make men better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred
year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May;
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.
("It Is Not Growing Like a Tree," p. 419)

While he did not sing of love in the contemporary manner, he did write much that is lovely. For example, this couplet for a girl:

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die.
(Epitaph on Elizabeth L.H., p. 419)

Less well known is his definition of truth:

Truth is the trial of itself
And needs no other touch;
And purer than the purest gold,
Refine it ne'er so much,

It is the life and light of love,
The sun that ever shineth,
And spirit of that special grace,
That faith and love defineth.
(not in text)

Also to be recommended is "To the Memory of My Beloved Master William Shakespeare," (p. 419), one of the greatest tributes to Shakespeare ever written.

Jonson was a leader greatly admired by a group which called themselves "the tribe of Ben." Followers of his poetic principles and practices were "sons of Ben." His epitaph is singularly expressive: "O Rare Ben Jonson!"

John Donne (1573-1631)

John Donne was the son of a wealthy London merchant, and his mother was a sister of Sir Thomas More. He became famous both as a vigorous, influential poet and as a stirring preacher. He was justly called one of the most famous of English orators. He was born a hated Roman Catholic, but after a careful study of religious questions he joined the Church of England and later was appointed Dean of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in London.

Donne was the founder of the metaphysical school of poetry. Important in this poetic school are points which Donne illustrates ideally: skillful use of satire, or the attempt through biting humor to point out and eliminate human weaknesses; intellectual wit and surprise; and grave concern for values above the physical aspects of life (*meta* means *above*).

Donne's greatest poetic asset is his ability to touch the naked truth with directness and honesty. His poetry is marked by intellectual power, deep learning, and intense emotion. His intensity and imagery are exquisite, in many respects similar to those of Robert Browning, who knew and loved the magic of Donne's works. By use of violent surprises, puns, play on words, and use of the most unorthodox material for his imagery— the lore of navigation, geography, science, medicine and trade—he endeavored to intellectualize emotion. "The Good Morrow," (p. 585) contains good examples of Donne's fresh, vigorous imagery, particularly in the first stanza. "The Legacy," (p. 586) is delightful because it exemplifies his wit writing. The power of his later religious works is shown in "Death" (p. 585). It is well-constructed, but most of all magnificent in its convincing denial of death's permanence and final triumph:

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou thinkest thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death; nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow;
And soonest our best men with thee do go—
Rest of their bones and souls' delivery!
Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell;
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more: Death, thou shalt die!

Donne's sacred poems are of great excellence and some of his metaphores are the most vivid in the language. For example, his metaphor of Death in "The Second Anniversary":

Think, then, my soul, that death is but
a groom,
Who brings a taper to the outward room,
Whence thou spyest first a little glimmering light
And brings it nearer to thy sight.
(not in text)

Other poets of lesser importance came to write during the seventeenth century, but Jonson and Donne continued to serve as models. Some of these poets who reveal their indebtedness to these two men are among the most popular minor poets in the language. By a rough division we might say that the Cavalier poets, Robert Herrick, Thomas Carew, Sir John Suckling, and Richard Lovelace were influenced most by Jonson; and the writers of sober, sacred poems like George Herbert, Richard Crashaw, Henry Vaughn, and Thomas Traherne were influenced by Donne and his metaphysical school. We can here deal briefly with only a few.

Robert Herrick (1591-1674)

Most charming of Cavalier poets, Robert Herrick could well be given the right to preside over the minor seventeenth century poets, as John Milton rules in the higher poetic realm. Herrick was one of the most devoted members of the "Tribe of Ben." His writing treats light subjects with perfect lyrical skill and an originality which is beyond imitation. His genius is of the kind that "carves cherry stones, not of the kind that hews great figures from the living rock." His poems have the delicate finish of cameos.

Herrick wrote with a light and exquisite touch. His words are self-explanatory and beautifully lucid. He could reach heights Jonson could not attain. A perfect master of meter, he had also faultless taste in selecting the inevitable word. The lovely adjectives "graceful, charming, delicate, pictorial imagery," may be applied to his writing. His "Corinna's Going A-Maying" (p. 602) has become a classic of youth and springtime love. From Herrick comes also the well-known phrase "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may."

Richard Lovelace (1618-1658)

Richard Lovelace used his time spent in prison to write two of his loveliest poems. Both are memorable because of couplets contained therein which are oft-repeated even in this day. From "To Lucasta, Going to the Wars":

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more. (p. 597)

And from "To Althea, from Prison," we remember:

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage. (p. 597)

Andrew Marvell (1621-1678)

Andrew Marvell was the only Puritan lyricist besides Milton who wrote really distinguished poetry. He most deserves to be classed in the same realm with Milton. In "To His Coy Mistress" he catches a tone similar to Donne's. His images and

philosophy also betray Donne's influence. Frequently he writes such excellent lines as:

But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
("To His Coy Mistress," p. 607)

George Herbert (1593-1633)

George Herbert was one of the greatest and most devout writers of religious poetry in all English literature, with beautiful originality and a high degree of technical skill. There is a pervading spirit of moral earnestness and sincere piety in his selections. "The Collar," (p. 611) was inspired by the quotation from Matthew 11:29—"Take my yoke upon you," and is one of his most sincere and devout works. It is useful also for its metaphysical loftiness, the accumulative power which characterizes it, the vigor of its tone, and the unquestioning love of God we feel as we read his conclusion.

Herbert published no poetry in his lifetime, but on his deathbed gave a bundle of manuscripts to a friend to burn or publish as he saw fit. Grateful we are that the friend presented them to the public. Perhaps by closing with the first stanza from Herbert's "The Flower," we can leave in your poetic mouths that sweet unsatisfied taste which demands more—more of Herbert, and more of his fellow seventeenth-century poets:

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are Thy returns! Even as the flowers in spring,
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frost tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing!
(not in text)

Questions

1. Why are Ben Jonson and John Donne important to seventeenth-century poetry?
2. What contributions did the Puritans make to English literature?
3. What is the metaphysical school of poetry?

Social Science—Latter-day Saint Political Thought

Lesson 6—The Conditions for Achieving the Kingdom of God

Elder G. Homer Durham

For Tuesday, April 25, 1950

Objective: To show that civil and religious liberty must be maintained for the establishment of the kingdom of God.

Rise of National States

THERE are in the world today about sixty national States. The national State is the modern form of political organization. Before national States existed, there were first (so far as our civilization is concerned) the empire states of the

ancient Middle East, then the city-states of ancient Greece, followed by the Roman world in which a single State (Rome) dominated the entire Western world. With the decline of the Roman Empire, the single world government that was Rome disintegrated into thousands of petty principalities and kingdoms. This was the feudal age. Between the ninth century after Christ and the peace of Westphalia (1648 A.D.) the modern national State made its appearance.

Sovereignty of National States

The modern national State is characterized by the doctrine of "sovereignty." This means that each one of the sixty-odd national States extant in the world today, assumes and believes with patriotic zeal and fervor that its own government is the final judge of its course of action. This belief in sovereignty tends to be identified with truth and morality to the extent that each citizen of each national State tends to believe that *his* State is the embodiment of truth and justice—therefore is always in the right and is rarely, if ever, in the wrong. This is the situation which leads to conflict between the United States and the Soviet Union, for example, and between the various national States of the world from time to time. They recognize no appeal to any higher body of authority.

Kingdom of God to Be Established

The scriptures teach that the "kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ." In other words, Christianity looks forward to the establishment of a kingdom of God on earth in which the lamb will lie down with the lion, and men will turn their swords into plowshares and will study war no more. This ideal characterizes Latter-day Saint belief in a stronger sense, perhaps, than many fellow-Christian organizations. This is because the Latter-day Saints believe in a restoration of Christ's gospel, the ultimate result of which will be to establish the kingdom of God on earth. Section 65 of the Doctrine and Covenants speaks concerning this matter:

> The keys of the kingdom of God are committed unto man on the earth, and from thence shall the gospel roll forth unto the ends of the earth, as the stone which is cut out of the mountain without hands shall roll forth, until it has filled the whole earth.

Modern man is weary and sickened of war. What are the conditions for achieving the kingdom of God?

In a certain sense, the meaning of the first eight verses of the Declaration of Belief concerning government and laws may be summarized as a guarantee of the right to proselyte truth. *Possession and use of truth are the fundamental essentials for achieving the kingdom of God.* The condition necessary for the discovery, use, and application of truth is religious freedom. Without religious freedom there can be no complete and free access to God, the creator of the universe. And if access to the Creator is denied, how can truth be found?

Independence of Civil and Religious Government

Verse nine tends to summarize the Declaration thus far:

We do not believe it just to mingle religious influence with civil government, whereby one religious society is fostered and another proscribed in its spiritual privileges, and the individual rights of its members, as citizens, denied.

Analyzing this verse, we see that the Latter-day Saints accept the doctrine of separation of Church and State. Why? As an essential condition for achieving truth and thereby achieving a kingdom of God on earth. Why is this true? Why do we believe it to be unjust to mingle religious influence with civil government? This belief, of course, would apply to the Latter-day Saints and their Church as well as to any other church. In fact, Brigham Young thought that a man, any worthy man, could be a "legislator" in the kingdom of God, and that membership in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was not necessary to be a legislator in the kingdom of God. This is a remarkable doctrine. Why then do we believe it unjust to mingle religious influence with civil government?

The answer may be given as follows: government is one of the essential elements of the modern national State. The other elements are: (1) people; (2) territory on which the people live; and (3) the sovereign power exercised by government.

The power of government is represented through its army, navy, industrial strength—in short, force. If religious influence were mingled with civil government, "whereby one religious society is fostered and another proscribed in its spiritual privileges," then the power of the State—force—may be used against the other groups. But, it might be asked, supposing the church, mingling its influence with the force of the civil government, were the true and correct church, and used force to accomplish its purposes as in the case of Islam?

The answer to this is clear in the gospel: *any church which attempted to do so could never qualify as a true and living church because the fundamental principle upon which the gospel is based is the free agency of man.*

Communism a Religion Without a God

Lucifer's plan was to use force in order to save man. The situation described in verse nine is parallel to the plan proposed by Satan. It is also parallel to the situation found in many totalitarian States. Communism is a religion. It is a religion without God which harnesses the material strength, force, and power of the State, wielded by an intellectual elite (so-called) in the interests of "the proletariat."

To date, the record of Communist States demonstrates that they do mingle this devilish religious influence with civil government whereby the Communist party (which might be likened to the "priesthood" of the State) is "fostered" and all other groups are "proscribed," not only in their spiritual privileges but in their political and every other privilege as well! Small wonder then that the Latter-day

Saints do not believe it just to mingle religious influence with civil government.

Provision of the U. S. Constitution on the Separation of Church and State

The Constitution of the United States, in limiting the power of the Federal Government, in limiting the power of the states, and in setting forth certain rights and obligations of local and national citizenship, goes a long way in providing a separation of Church and State in order that religious influence shall not be mingled with civil government. The results of this constitutional liberty are that in America there are many religious denominations. In fact, "pluralism" has come to be one of the unique features of American religious society and of its political and economic society as well. In other words, we not only have individual freedom in the United States, but there is group freedom as well.

Thus, man as an individual is left with the essential condition for achieving his individual happiness and making his individual contribution towards a kingdom of God upon earth. But it is not left at that. The constitutional liberty found in the United States, or any other State where there is limited government and freedom of conscience, means that groups of men, man and his fellow man, may co-operate together to achieve a kingdom of God upon earth. But the moment a man, or group of men, use force or constraint in any way, so that religious influence is mingled with civil government to the effect that others are proscribed in their privileges, then the conditions for achieving the kingdom of God cease to exist.

Free Agency in the Kingdom of God

What shall we do with this religious freedom whence flows our political, economic, and social freedom? The entire section 134 is a guide to such conduct. Verse nine is a brief and succinct summary of the essential condition. But, supposing that the Latter-day Saints use their freedom to proselyte the truth, and, supposing, eventually, everyone in the world became a Latter-day Saint, would it then be just to mingle religious influence with civil government? Not so long as one religious society is fostered and others proscribed in their spiritual privileges! On this our doctrine and history is clear.

President Brigham Young once asked the question:

> What is the duty of a Latter-day Saint? To do all the good he can upon the earth . . . . to build up, not to destroy; to gather together, not to scatter abroad; to take the ignorant and lead them to wisdom; to pick up the poor and bring them to comfortable circumstances. This is our labor—what we have to do (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, 1925 edition, page 655; 1941 edition, page 427).

But President Young warned:

> If the Latter-day Saints think, when the Kingdom of God is established on the earth, that all the inhabitants of the earth will join the Church called Latter-day Saints, they are mistaken. I presume there will be as many sects and parties then as now. Still, when the Kingdom of God triumphs, every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that Jesus is the

Christ . . . . There are mansions in sufficient numbers to suit the different classes of mankind, and a variety will always exist to all eternity . . . (*Ibid.*, 1925 edition, page 679; 1941 edition, page 439).

The Freedom of Conscience

Freedom of conscience involves an essential recognition that world order must recognize a basic "pluralism" of thought and feeling. The gospel of Jesus Christ does not require the power of the State to maintain it. However, the power of the State could be used to destroy it; at least to drive it underground and render miserable and intolerable the lives of individual men and women. Civil government must be maintained in its essential sphere. The sphere of religious liberty must always be recognized in any good society. Under that condition man must always support his government, but if the government proscribes the spiritual privileges and opportunities of its membership, to the extent that religious liberty is lost, then the Declaration of Belief Regarding Governments and Laws in General seems to indicate that men have a right to strive for a system that will hold sacred the freedom of conscience.

Freedom is a precious commodity, but where freedom exists, notwithstanding, it is available to all at little or no price. Accordingly, we may come to undervaluate it as we cease to be conscious of its priceless value. Any Latter-day Saint officeholder, or governmental official, as well as every citizen, has a strong obligation to see that the government never infringes the rights of any individual citizen or group. Individual and group rights for all are an essential condition for achieving the kingdom of God; and when, in God's own time, as man puts forth his labor under these conditions. that kingdom is achieved, that kingdom, itself, will recognize the right of individual conscience and no power or force will be utilized to force any man to follow the "party line." Even if the Priesthood should be called upon eventually to maintain a governmental system, the Priesthood, above all others, would recognize this limitation upon the power of the Priesthood.

Powers of Heaven Controlled Upon Principles of Righteousness

Section 121 of the Doctrine and Covenants, long emphasized by President Heber J. Grant in this modern age when political power and governmental strength are on the rapid increase, speaks as follows:

> . . . the rights of the priesthood are inseparably connected with the powers of heaven, and . . . the powers of heaven cannot be controlled or handled only upon the principles of righteousness (D. & C. 121:36).

Should members holding the Priesthood undertake to cover their sins, gratify pride, vain ambition, "or to exercise control or dominion or compulsion upon the souls of the children of men, in any degree of unrighteousness, behold, the heavens withdraw themselves; the Spirit of the Lord is grieved; and when it is withdrawn, Amen to the priesthood or the authority of that man" (D. & C. 121:37).

Again, says this section:

No power or influence can or ought to be maintained by virtue of the priesthood, only by persuasion, by long-suffering, by gentleness and meekness, and by love unfeigned; by kindness, and pure knowledge, which shall greatly enlarge the soul without hypocrisy, and without guile . . . (*Ibid.*, verses 41-42).

The meaning of verse nine and its preceding companions in section 134, taken with the meaning of section 121, indicates clearly that if a kingdom of God is achieved and the restored Priesthood called upon to take the lead in its government, no man need fear that government. Why? Because that government, as under the Constitution of the United States, will be a limited government. The right of individual conscience will be protected, and no power "or influence" can be used by one holding the Priesthood in any degree of force or compulsion upon the souls of men. If he does, Amen to the Priesthood or the authority of that man—and the obligation to support such authority ceases!

To summarize, what is the outlook for the development of a more perfect governmental system and a more perfect world order? In Latter-day Saint belief, men everywhere should strive within their own governmental systems to secure constitutional limitations upon the exercise of force and power. They should also secure the rights of individual freedom and conscience. Basic to these rights of freedom and conscience, is the right of religious liberty. Religious liberty is necessary to the discovery of truth. The use of truth is a condition of achieving the kingdom of God. When the kingdom of God is achieved, it, too, will recognize limitations upon its own government in the interests of individual freedom. Why? So that the pursuit and discovery of truth may go on endlessly throughout all time in order that men may achieve eternal progress both in their lives and in their social intercourse.

Questions for Discussion and Lesson Helps

Special Project: The early leaders of the Church were quite explicit in their purpose to improve the world and to help to bring forth and establish the kingdom of God on earth. Have four members of the class examine, select, and read to the class brief statements of the thought on the subject of each of the following: (1) Joseph Smith (for example, *Joseph Smith: Prophet-Statesman*, pp. 102-103, 199-200; *Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, pp. 55, 271, 328; (2) Brigham Young (see *Discourses*, chapter 39); John Taylor (see *Gospel Kingdom*, chapter 19); Wilford Woodruff (see *Discourses of Wilford Woodruff*, chapter 10). If none of these materials is available, a single brief report on the building of Zion etc. may be prepared by examining "Zion" and "kingdom of God" references in the index of the Doctrine and Covenants.

1. What is a "national State?"

2. What is the significance for modern man of the doctrine of "national sovereignty?"

3. Is it possible for a national State, in its law and practice, to embody "truth and justice?"

4. Does a nation, like a man, "rationalize" its situation so that truth and justice become what is convenient and advantageous?

5. Reviewing previous lessons and the verses of the Declaration, what are the tests by which it may be determined whether or not a nation does embody, or approximate, truth and justice?

6. What is the fundamental essential

for achieving the kingdom of God?

7. Why is possession of truth fundamental?

8. On what grounds do Latter-day Saints accept the necessity of the doctrine of the separation of church and State?

9. Why is it wrong to mingle religious influence with civil government to the extent that one society is fostered and others proscribed? (If convenient, read again the ordinances on religious liberty and freedom of assembly, prepared by Joseph Smith, suggested as a special project for lesson 5.)

10. Explain the statement in the lesson: "Pluralism has come to be one of the unique features of American religious society."

11. Read, comment upon, and have the class discuss Doctrine and Covenants, section 121, verses 36-37, 41-42 in connection with this lesson.

Optional Lessons in Lieu of Social Science—The First Presidencies

(Primarily for use outside Continental United States and its possessions)

Lesson 13—President George Albert Smith 1945—

Elder T. Edgar Lyon

For Tuesday, April 25, 1950

The Presidency a Unit—The Three Are One

PRESIDENT
GEORGE ALBERT SMITH

AT the passing of President Rudger Clawson, June 21, 1943, George Albert Smith, then the senior member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles, was sustained as its president. President Heber J. Grant passed away May 14, 1945, and, on May 21, 1945, the Quorum of the Twelve sustained George Albert Smith to succeed him as Prophet, Seer, and Revelator, and President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. On October 5, 1945, the Church, in general conference assembled, ratified the action of the Quorum of the Twelve and sustained President Smith as Prophet, Seer, and Revelator, and President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. This call brought to the Presidency

a man who had spent the greater part of his seventy-five years of life in close association with the Church. His father, John Henry Smith, a member of the Council of the Twelve, also served as second counselor to President Joseph F. Smith in the First Presidency. His grandfather, George A. Smith, served as a member of the Council of the Twelve, Church Historian, Trustee-in-Trust for the Church, and First Counselor to President Brigham Young.

President George Albert Smith secured his early education in the Salt Lake City Public schools and the Brigham Young Academy at Provo. When he was thirteen years of age his father was called to preside over the European Mission and the youthful George Albert returned to Salt Lake and secured employment. During succeeding years he worked as a farm implement salesman, railroad surveyor, and traveling salesman for Z. C. M. I. interspersed with a period of study at the University of Utah.

President Smith married Lucy Emily Woodruff, daughter of Wilford Woodruff, Jr., and Emily Jane Smith, and a granddaughter of President Wilford Woodruff, in the Manti Temple, on May 25, 1892, to which union three children were born and all of whom are still living, Emily, Edith, and George Albert, Jr.

President Smith, as a young man, took an active part in the political welfare of the young State of Utah and, in 1898, just two years after it was admitted to the Union, was appointed to the office of Receiver of Public Moneys and Special Disbursing Agent for Utah, by President William McKinley. This honor was unusual because he was the first Latter-day Saint to hold a Federal appointment in the State of Utah. He was reappointed by President Theodore Roosevelt to this office which he continued to hold until sometime after he was called to be a member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles, in October 1903, and his successor was appointed and qualified.

President Smith's Church activities include a long record of participation in the Priesthood quorums and auxiliaries. He was a Sunday School teacher, librarian, counselor, and ward superintendent. In the M.I.A. program he directed the activities of the Salt Lake Stake when it included all of Salt Lake County. Between 1892 and 1894 he served as a missionary in the Southern States Mission and as mission secretary. His wife served with him as assistant in the mission office. He was made a member of the general board of the Y.M.M.I.A. the year following his call to the apostleship. He served as general superintendent of that organization from 1921 until 1935. Under his direction the M.I.A. increased greatly in scope and effectiveness.

As a member of the Council of the Twelve he traveled extensively in the wards, stakes, and missions of the Church, presiding at many stake divisions and reorganizations. Through overwork his health became impaired; but his recovery was complete so that, in 1919, he was called to preside over the European Mission. The following tribute

was printed in the *Improvement Era* at that time:

> Some years ago Apostle Smith's health gave way, but before his loss of health he averaged thirty thousand miles of travel yearly, at the rate of one and one-half meetings per day. He visited the saints throughout the country, magnified his position as an Apostle of the Lord, and gave counsel by precept and example to all with whom he came in contact (22:791 ff.).

In addition to the important services he performed for the Church, President Smith's talents were recognized in other fields of endeavor. He interested himself in the problems of the arid West, particularly those of irrigation and dry farming. He was elected president of the International Irrigation Congress in 1917 and later to president of the International Dry Farm Congress. These two great organizations were later merged and he was elected president of the combination known as the International Farm Congress. Many friends were made in these capacities through his genial manner, and much enmity that still existed against Latter-day Saints throughout the world was overcome.

President Smith is a descendant of Mayflower and Revolutionary ancestry and an ardent believer in the principles of freedom for which the American Revolution was fought. He joined the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution in order to help perpetuate the memory of these men and the purposes for which they struggled, and twice served the Utah State Society as its president, and seven terms as Vice-President General of the National Society.

President Smith has always been very interested in programs for the benefit of the youth. His sermons frequently carry a plea for better understanding of youth's problems. He not only preaches this doctrine, but goes into action to accomplish it. For more than twenty years he served on the Salt Lake Council of the Boy Scouts of America and was awarded the Silver Beaver, the highest award a council can confer on its members. He has been a member of the National Executive Board of Boy Scouts of America since 1925. In 1934, the National Council awarded him the Silver Buffalo, the greatest recognition within its power to bestow on anyone. He actively participated in the promotion of scouting as a youth program while he directed the affairs of the Y.M.M.I.A.; and Utah earned the distinction of having the highest percentage of its boys enrolled in scouting, over that of any other state, which record still holds.

President George Albert Smith has devoted himself to the preservation of the memory of the pioneers of the great West. He took a leading part in the organizing of the Utah Pioneer Trails and Landmarks Association in 1930 and was elected its president and has so continued since. He enlisted the aid of local Church and school groups to preserve pioneer history. He studied the history of the various pioneer enterprises that achieved the settlement of the great West and familiarized himself with the overland trails made by these people, particularly the Latter-day Saint pioneers. This association has placed more than one hundred permanent

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markers and monuments at historic sites under his presidency. He has also served as a member of the executive board of the American Pioneer Trails Association. More recently he served as vice-chairman of the Utah Centennial Committee under President Grant and, later, as chairman of this body in the erection of the great pioneer, "This Is the Place Monument."

He has been of invaluable aid to the sightless. Through the Church-sponsored Society for the Aid of the Sightless, of which he is president, the Book of Mormon and religious information in Braille are placed at the disposal of the blind.

In the interest of establishing the kingdom of God on earth, President Smith has preached the gospel in all of the states of the United States and all of the provinces of Canada, and in Alaska and Mexico, the Hawaiian Islands, New Zealand, Australia, Tasmania, Tonga, Samoa, Cuba, the British Isles, including England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, the Scandinavian countries of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, and Holland, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and France. In all, he has traveled in his ministry approximately one million miles in the world.

In May 1945, George Albert Smith was sustained as President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. John D. Giles, recently of the general superintendency of the Y.M.M.I.A., said of him:

He has preached the gospel of honest work, of thrift, of good homes, of education, and of progress. Through all he has been practical and consistent. He has

preached only what he has practiced. He has never advocated that others should do what he was not willing to do first. His leadership is of the kind that leads by both precept and example (*Improvement Era* 48:389).

The following tribute found published in the *Improvement Era* was paid him at the time he departed to preside over the European Mission:

He has a remarkable faculty for the making of friends, his enemies even respecting him. He . . . has never said mean or unworthy things of his opponents. This is one of his characteristics. In the preaching of the gospel, he does not tear down a man's house, but builds the gospel structure over him with an open and loving invitation to inhabit it . . . George Albert Smith is a typical Latter-day Saint; broadminded, active in good work, zealous in his calling, reliable, conscientious, honest, clean in language and action, faithful, punctual, considerate of his fellows, high or low, having confidence in God, a man who puts his soul into his work . . . His actions in youth never caused his parents one moment of anxiety, and he has kept in mind the name he bears, and honored it, believing truthfully, that no son ever had a better father and mother than he . . . (*Improvement Era* 22:791 ff).

In 1938, while planning a missionary visit to the missions of the South Pacific, he made a remark that is typical of his attitude toward all people. He said:

The Lord loves all men: they are all His children, and His commission to His Apostles was and is to go forth and preach the gospel to all the world. That is our mission and our joy in it will be great indeed if through any effort of ours we can help to show these children of God in the lands of the Pacific the way back to their eternal home (*Improvement Era*, 41:97).

President Smith feels deeply his appreciation of and faith in the

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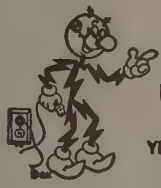
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women of the Church. At the first general conference over which he presided as President of the Church, he said:

I would like to say to this great body of priesthood, you are fortunate men if you have been blessed with a good wife, a daughter of God, to stand by your side. And I want to say to you that God loves her just as much as he loves you. If you would have his blessings, you will treat her with love and kindness and tenderness and helpfulness. She will then be able to carry on under the responsibilities that come to her to bring children into the world and nurture and care for them and teach them the plan of life and salvation. And so I plead with you, my brethren, let your homes be the abiding place of love, and the authority that you bear should magnify that love in your souls and in the lives of your wives and your children.

Yesterday this house was filled with the daughters of Zion, and I say without hesitation that you could find no more beautiful picture of womankind in all the world than was here yesterday afternoon. These faithful wives, these faithful daughters, assume their portion of the burden and carry it on. They make their homes a heaven when sometimes without them the homes would be anything but heaven (*Conference Report*, October 1945, page 23).

President Smith retained J. Reuben Clark, Jr., and David O. McKay as his counselors in the First Presidency. These three men are all outstanding characters, devoted to the cause they so capably lead. In their promotion of the kingdom of God on earth their work is united.

Topics for Discussion and Study

1. Read the article by President George Albert Smith found in the December 1948 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*.
2. How do you account for the fact that

President Smith has spent so much of his time and effort to aid others—the sightless, youth, those in spiritual darkness, and those who are distressed?

3. Make a list of the outstanding traits of his character and show how they manifest the practical application of the gospel of Jesus Christ.
4. Why has so much distinction been rendered President Smith by organizations and individuals outside of Latter-day Saint circles?

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All Things Must Rest

Grace M. Candland

Late falling snow has covered all the land,
A deep solemnity pervades the scene
Of untouched, virgin beauty, while I stand
In awe, my heart both reverent and serene.

Now everything must rest. Beside the fire
I too can take my ease since well I know
That summer's yield was all I could desire.
My well-plowed acres lie beneath the snow

Storing the living water deep away
While I enjoy the beauty of the day.

Ode to Words

LaVerne J. Stallings

Words . . . . like birds—
What wonders you can bring to me,
Flashing beauty
Through my somber days;

Weave your miracle . . . .
Come close and sing to me
With wings against
My small and striving ways.

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*Serenity**

Edith Russell Oliphant

Death has no fears for me.
I shall not tremble when he calls
All I have loved awaits me there
In the peaceful sanctuary of his quiet halls.

I shall not cry "Procrastinate!"
Nor plead my youth, nor compromise,
But slip away—released barque—
To navigate the pools of Paradise.

(*This poem was composed by Edith Russell Oliphant, a young English convert to the Church, who died in August 1949. It is reprinted, with permission from the *Wye Magazine*, Brigham Young University. Sister Oliphant will be remembered as the author of "The Russells Did Not Go To Church," a story in three parts published in 1948.)

From Near and Far

I very much enjoyed the November poems and the lovely cover.

—Grace Sayre,
Pasadena, California

The Relief Society Magazine is an important part of our household equipment and we could not do without it. It is constantly improving and should be in every Latter-day Saint home.

—Maud O. Cook,
Tremonton, Utah

It had been a long time since I had read *The Relief Society Magazine* until last week when one of the women in the University Ward, which I attend, gave me some back numbers. I was pleased with the quality of the contents and enjoyed reading the *Magazines* very much.

—Mary Orchard Black,
Seattle, Washington

I wish to thank you all for the lovely little paper the *Magazine* is. I just feel, no matter what I am doing, I must have a peep at it when it arrives. Last week I made some caramel cookies out of it and they were so good that I copied the recipe for the lady where I work. I look for the *Magazine* stories first and then for the picture of the U.S.A. Relief Society members to see if there are any mothers of the elders I have met. I often wish I were nearer the U.S.A. so that I could get more knowledge of the workings of the L.D.S. Church, but that is not in my power at present. I feel there is something more than I am learning, something higher than I see working.

—Ruby S. Vince,
Judbury, Huonville, Tasmania

I was happy to see my poem "Earth Decorator" (November 1949, page 745) in company with that lovely contribution "Ascendant Autumn" by my good friend, the poet-artist, Ruth Harwood.

—Christie Lund Coles,
Provo, Utah

I enjoy seeing your little *Magazine* each month. The covers are outstanding and I particularly like the poetry you publish in such generous amounts.

—Rachel K. Laurgaard,
Sacramento, California

I read the *Magazine* every month and enjoy it very much. Even before I was married I read my mother's copies and now I am going to be a regular subscriber. I wish you lots of luck with the very best *Magazine* of the year.

—Rita Jean Burtenshaw,
Blackfoot, Idaho

I enjoy our Relief Society meetngs so very much and would like to thank all of you who prepare all the wonderful lessons we have to help us understand the gospel more fully. It's the knowledge of the gospel that makes life more beautiful. May the Lord bless each of you and each of us in our undertakings to further this work on in a way that we shall stand for example of good among our fellow men.

—Mrs. Lorena McBroom
Rougemont, N. C.

May I take this opportunity to tell you how much having *The Relief Society Magazine* has meant to me. It has been a source of strength and encouragement in many hours of need. Thank you for your services.

—Margaret Elgaaen,
Blackfoot, Idaho

I am a subscriber to the *Magazine* and enjoy the many interesting stories, along with the lessons and other material.

—Elizabeth Johnson, Ogden, Utah

Through the kindness of a sister-in-law who has given me several years subscriptions to the *Magazine*, I have enjoyed many hours of good and profitable reading. I especially like the poems.

—Mamie Borg, Salt Lake City, Utah

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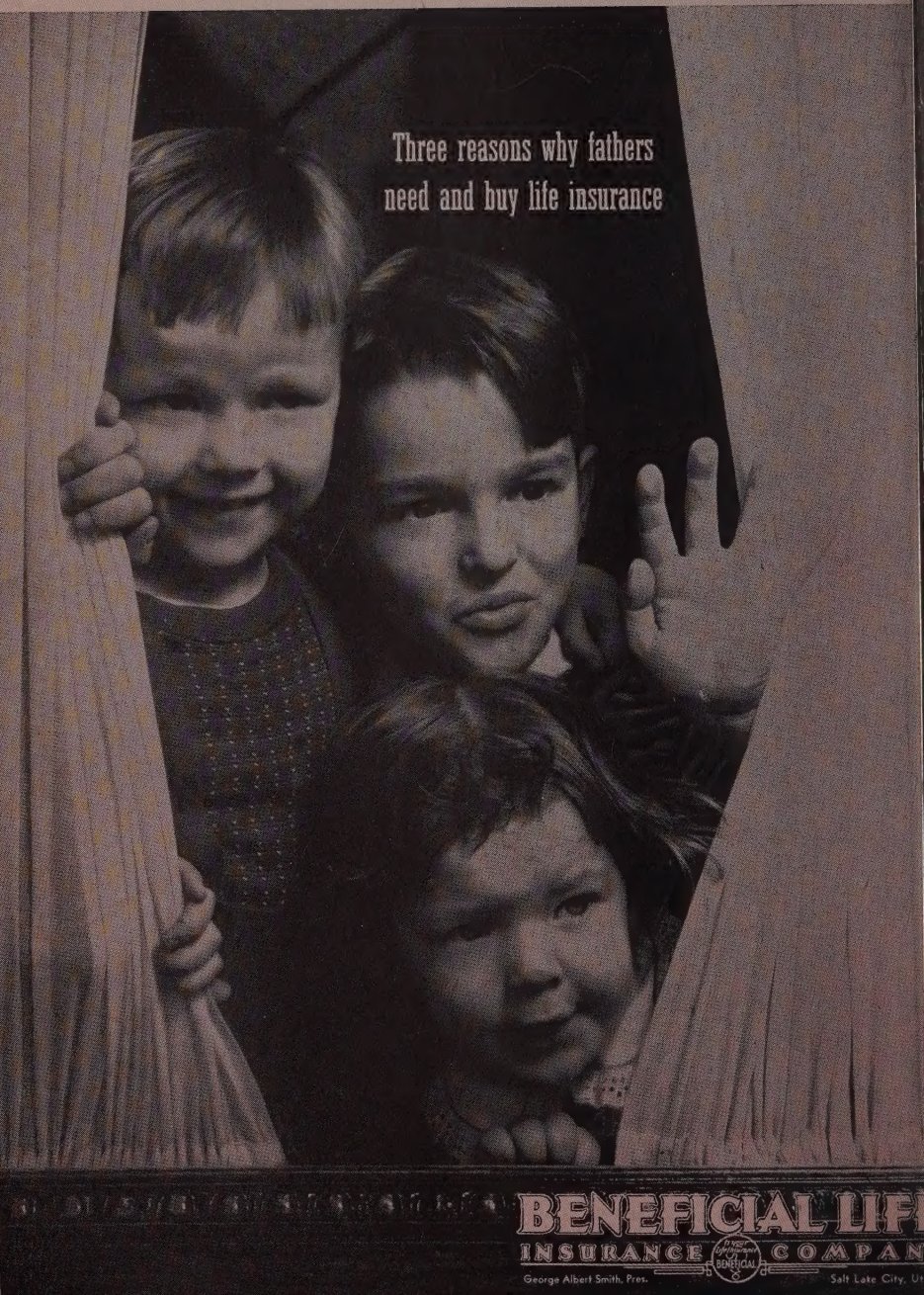
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